

The Outlook

AUGUST 15, 1923

THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT HARDING

THAT the American people have a personal feeling of affection as well as one of high respect for their dead President was shown in their reception of the startling news of his sudden death on the evening of Thursday, August 2, in San Francisco. President Harding was in his fifty-eighth year, and had been considered a man of at least average strength and health, but there had been anxiety among his physicians as to circulation and heart action, weakened by the fight against what might have been but for these elements a temporary and not dangerous illness. The shock of his death was the greater because it followed hard after a confident and hopeful bulletin from his doctors. A lesion of a blood-vessel or a blood-clot in the brain caused almost instantaneous death without suffering. One moment he was quietly smiling at Mrs. Harding, who was reading to him; the next moment he collapsed, and by the time the doctors reached his bedside was dead.

Mrs. Harding's first reported words, "I am not going to break down," have been amply fulfilled by her courage and steadfast demeanor throughout. Her personal desire for simplicity is seen in her request that the ceremonies at Marion on Friday should be as far as possible those of a citizen who loved his home and town and neighbors. But the bereaved wife also recognized the right of the Nation to pay a fitting and ceremonial tribute to the dead leader, and in every way Mrs. Harding has set herself with courage and endurance to further that end. Her gratitude at the countless messages and tokens of sympathy she has received personally has been touching. There are wonderful depth and fullness of sincerity in the people's sympathy for Mrs. Harding. Truly said the Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, Mr. Hall: "The heart of the Nation will go out to Mrs. Harding, the heroic and devoted wife, and to the other members of his family."

HONORS TO THE CHIEF

THE state ceremonies of Wednesday at Washington, in progress as this issue of The Outlook is on the press, have been planned with a view to dignity and the paying of military and civil honors to the Nation's dead in an impressive manner. President Coolidge and the two living ex-Presidents, Woodrow Wilson and Chief Justice Taft, are the leading figures in a long list of dignitaries and public officials, and before this is read the common citizens whom Mr. Harding believed in and respected have in vast numbers passed before his catafalque in the Capitol.

There was something particularly convincing of the people's grief in the silent crowds that gathered at railway stations all the way from San Francisco to Washington, at the crossroads village as well as at the great towns, to pay homage to the dead and offer affectionate sympathy for the bereaved. At Chicago, press reports state that 300,000 persons viewed the passing of the funeral train and reverently waited for hours in order to express mutely their grief and sympathy. Tokens of respect came from all manner of civic associations and individuals, including bodies as far removed as the United States Coal Commission and the Ku Klux Klan.

ESTIMATES AND APPRECIATION

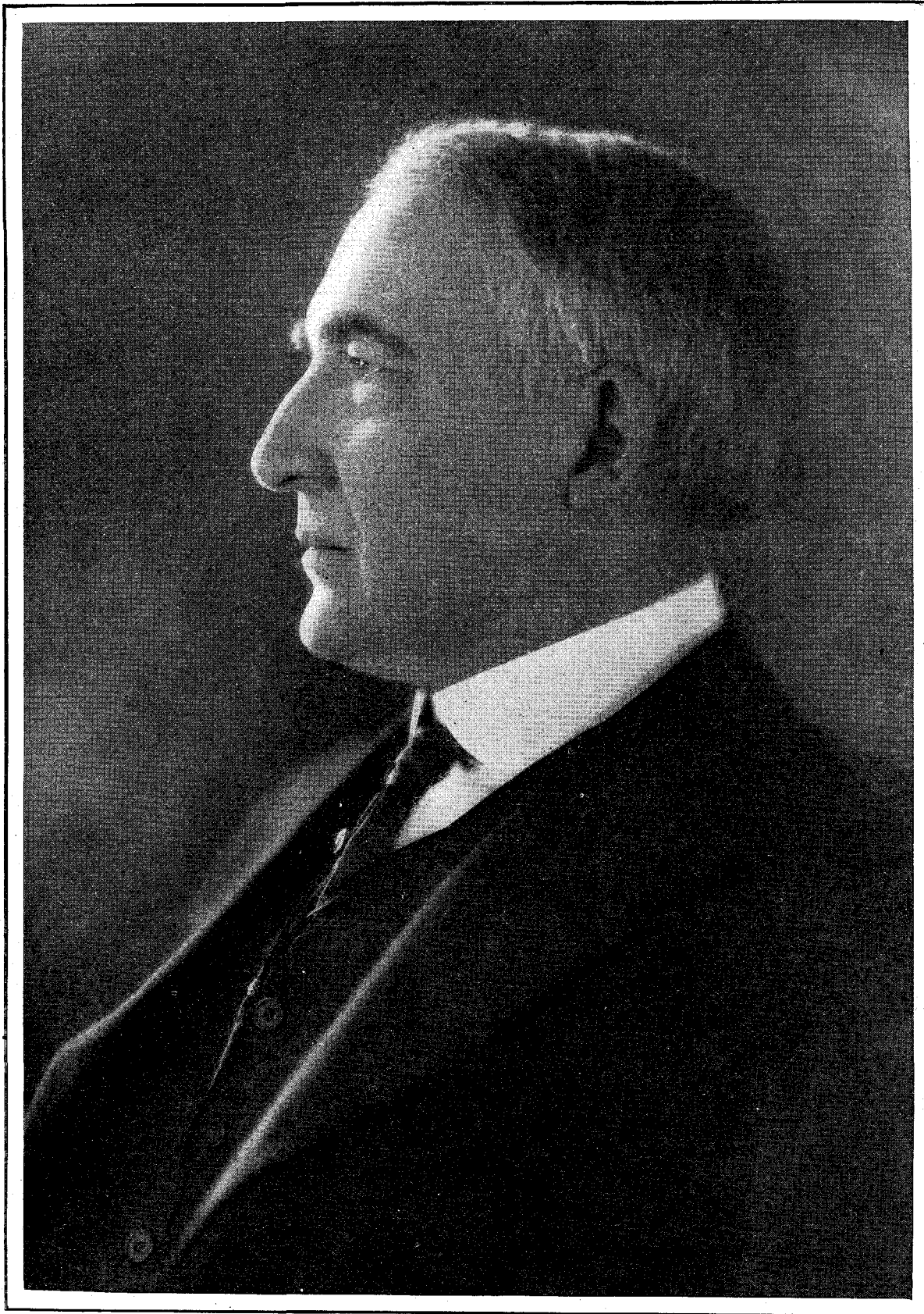
A FEW sentences culled from the many tributes of public and private men may indicate some of Mr. Harding's traits and methods, as well as illustrate the diversity of the sources of eulogy.

Thus, his successor, Calvin Coolidge, in his first utterance when the news reached him at his father's farm in Plymouth, Vermont, said: "He was my chief and my friend." Said the non-partisan United States Coal Commission: "He held his views, but without bitterness or malice, and granted the right of others to differ with him. He argued; he never vilified." The Chicago "Tribune" quotes with approval the remark that "the American people have a habit of turn-

ing away from time to time from men of outstanding force and brilliance and of renewing the ties of Government with the source of its being, the people themselves. President Harding well upheld the traditions of this renewal." How Mr. Harding emphasized human friendliness may be noted in the address prepared for the occasion of presentation to the Knights Templars of a banner and read on August 2 by Mr. Harding's secretary, Mr. Christian; he declared: "I charge that it shall not be held as a banner of militant force, not as a memorial of deeds of arms, not as a mere piece of ritualistic pageantry, but as the symbol of brotherhood."

That the late President was highly regarded by Catholics as well as Masons, by Jews as well as Christians, is shown in two sentences. The first is from the tribute of Archbishop Hayes, of New York: "No one left his presence without bearing away the impression that few have occupied exalted office with more unforbidding, commanding dignity, more appealing sympathy for human kind, and deeper reliance on Divine Providence in the face of crushing responsibility." The other is from the Jewish "Tribune;" referring to racial and religious animosities it says: "Broad of mind and glorious of heart, imbued with that love of his fellow-men of which the prophets spoke and the psalmist sang, Mr. Harding saw the danger to America which lurked in these agitations and regarded them with loathing."

From three United States Senators of widely differing opinions and temperaments sentences expressing estimates may be quoted. Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, said: "No thought of self, no tempting of ambition, ever came between him and what he believed to be his public duty. With him and in every thought his country always came first." Senator Hiram Johnson, of California, said: "His lovable and high qualities endeared him to all who were privileged to know him and enshrined him in the hearts of the whole people." And the



(C) Harris & Ewing

WARREN GAMALIEL HARDING

newly elected Senator from Minnesota, Magnus Johnson, said: "This country needed him more now than at any time since the war. He was a great President."

From King George of England, M. Poincaré, Premier of France, and many other men of power and ability abroad came gratifying tokens of the world's respect for the dead American President.

Elsewhere in this number of The Outlook will be found an editorial estimate of Mr. Harding's character and purpose and an article showing how he appeared to one who was close to him in his work.

THE NEW PRESIDENT TAKES OFFICE

AMONG the most commonly heard comments upon the accession of Calvin Coolidge to the office of President have been those of congratulation to the country that in him for once, at least, a Vice-President has been notable as a man of decision, and, secondly, that events have proved the wisdom of President Harding's act in asking the Vice-President to sit with the Cabinet in its sessions, as thereby Mr. Coolidge has undoubtedly obtained a view of public questions and executive affairs he could not otherwise possibly have had.

The new President was sworn in to the supreme office of the Nation by his own father, authorized as a notary public to administer an oath. It is a recognized legal aphorism that the country must not be without an actual President a moment more than is absolutely necessary. The simple ceremony took place at a typical New England farm in Plymouth, Vermont. Then and ever since Mr. Coolidge has given the impression of dignity and coolness under a trying situation. He announced at once his purpose to seek the co-operation of those associated with Mr. Harding in public work and of carrying out policies already undertaken by the Administration. In his journey to Washington and after his arrival he met the battery of interviewers and sightseers imperturbably and good-humoredly. The occasion was one for reserve; the impression President Coolidge has made is not that of excessive taciturnity, but one of quick and almost epigrammatic clearness when, and only when, he has something to say.

The new President naturally and properly bent his first energies almost solely to assuring himself that all possible honor and tribute should be paid by the Government and the country to

his predecessor. He found time, however, to listen to Senators, who discussed the World Court and other problems, and to representatives of the coal industry, who urged the need of prompt action to prevent the threatened anthracite strike in September. One correspondent says he "listened eloquently," but he wisely declined to commit himself either as to action or non-action.

Perhaps the best impression we have seen of our new President's personality, mental temperament, and working processes is that offered by Mr. Mark Sullivan in an article in the New York "Tribune," from which we take the liberty of quoting at some length:

Perhaps the most fundamental thing about Calvin Coolidge is the conception of his duties, which rests upon a mind whose principal characteristic is exactness. He knows where his official prerogatives and responsibilities begin and end, and he will never go beyond those limits unless there is some occasion of a kind which appeals to his logical mind as being called for by extraordinary circumstances.

When the League of Nations first became an issue in American public life, Mr. Coolidge was still Governor of Massachusetts. To a caller who asked his views about the League he replied: "I am Governor of Massachusetts, and Massachusetts has no foreign relations. If ever I should hold an office calling for action or opinion on this subject, I shall put my mind to it and try to arrive at the soundest conclusions within my capacity."

The answer had a New England succinctness, which might have seemed to convey either extreme caution, or brusqueness, or both. But it was delivered with the wry New England smile that disarmed any suggestion of brusqueness, and with such an instantly machine-like exactness of thought and expression that you never had any misapprehension about Mr. Coolidge merely practicing caution for caution's sake.

You knew perfectly well that whenever it became a part of his responsibility or prerogative for his mind to react on this question he would carefully place all the elements of it in a mathematical row, and come to an answer as sound as the multiplication table.

President Coolidge begins his Administration with the favoring wishes of citizens, without regard to party, that he shall have fair play and be exempt from partisan attack and snap-shot criticism.

A TRIUMPH FOR THE EIGHT-HOUR DAY

REASON and persuasion are more effective than bluster and threats. President Harding had more influence on the hard heart of the great steel

industry than the caustic Mr. Gompers. One of Mr. Harding's last acts before he left Washington was to urge Judge Gary a second time to move at once in the matter of reducing the workers' day from twelve to eight hours. A fortnight later Judge Gary, as President of the American Iron and Steel Institute and Chairman of the United States Steel Corporation, announced that the steel industry would make an immediate beginning in the elimination of the twelve-hour day. At the same time employees whose hours are reduced will receive a 25 per cent wage increase. The worker will not earn as much in the eight hours as he did in the twelve, but the rise in the day's wage will partly compensate the loss; for instance, a man who has earned \$4.80 a day will now get \$4 and work four hours less. Just how the men will look at this is not quite certain, but in their larger interest it should be beneficial for them.

It is a well-known fact that a worker can, and usually will, do better work if his hours are shortened. The British steel industry has had the eight-hour, three-shift plan, for years, and the owners like it. The Colorado Fuel and Iron Company recently reported that it found the eight-hour day financially more profitable than the twelve-hour day, and recommended it on economic grounds. A Michigan newspaper says: "On the banks of the river Rouge, just outside the city of Detroit, Mr. Ford is operating blast furnaces on an eight-hour day and forty-eight-hour week schedule. Ford formerly bought steel from the Steel Corporation. He says he is now making his own at a considerable saving. Ford pays his day laborers 75 cents an hour for the short day."

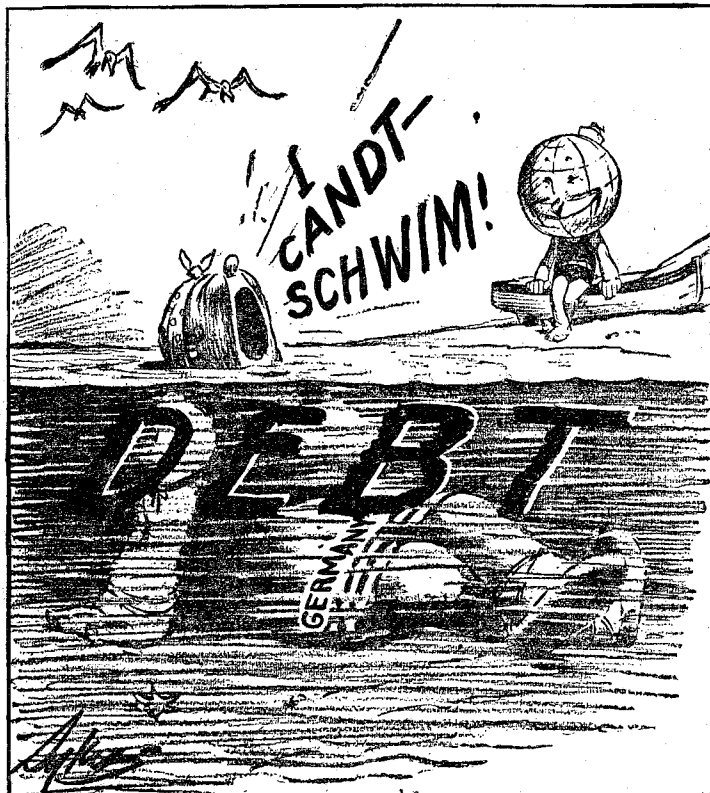
Some 65,000 men will be affected by the change in the United States Steel Corporation's plants when the three-shift plan is in full operation. New labor supply may be had as needed from the South, from Mexico, or from Europe if the Immigration Law is changed, but the steel directors admit that there is now less of a labor shortage than they supposed, and it is believed that labor-saving devices and better labor production by the workers will help out a good deal. Steel prices are expected to advance and the consumer may have to bear part of the new labor cost.

A standard day for labor is eminently desirable, and the eight-hour day is now widely recognized as that standard. The real objection to long hours is the human and social objec-

AS THOU SEEST, OURSELVES IN HEAVY PLIGHT

(3 Henry VI, Act III, Scene 3)

Sykes in the Milwaukee Sentinel



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A QUESTION

From Anna N. Reed, Milwaukee, Wis.

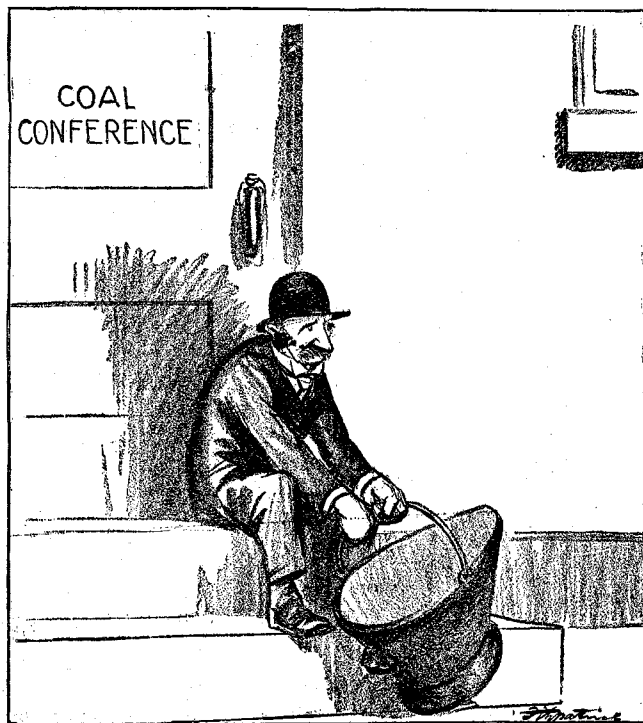
Donahey in the Cleveland Plain Dealer



"TO MARKET, TO MARKET, TO BUY A FAT PIG!"

From Joseph Bradley Hayn, Buffalo, N. Y.

Fitzpatrick in the New York World



THE UNOFFICIAL OBSERVER

From Mrs. Percy C. Eggleston, New London, Conn.

Sykes in the Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger



AS USUAL

From Anne S. Eissler, Philadelphia, Pa.

tion. A man may be willing to toil excessive hours for a little more money, but, be he willing or not, it is not good for himself, his family, or the country that he should do so.

RACING AGAINST THE QUOTAS

THAT was a singular race which took place in New York Bay on the night of August 1. The racing craft were ocean passenger liners; the prize was certainty that the immigrants brought by the winners would be sure of admittance under the August quotas, for our strange law refuses to recognize the truism repeated in these columns more than once, that Americanization is not a mathematical but a human process.

Here is the description given to a reporter by the captain of the vessel that reached Quarantine first in this "neck-and-neck race:"

There were thirteen liners jammed together like a flock of rowboats at the start for the invisible line between Fort Hamilton and Fort Wadsworth. If anything had happened to the machinery of any ship during that crush there would have been a terrible disaster. All's well that ends well, I'm told, but I hope I'll never be called on to take part in another such adventure.

A dignified and logical method this by which in a measure future American citizenship is being determined! No wonder that suggestions are being made to relieve the congestion. One, as to the desirability of which the new Immigration Commissioner for New York, Mr. Curran, and the President of the International Mercantile Marine Company, Mr. Franklin, agree, is that ten instead of twenty per cent of the yearly quota shall be admissible monthly. Congress will be asked to make this and other improvements—in other words, to tinker at a bad law instead of replacing it with a good one.

The root of the whole trouble has been put in a few words by Commissioner Curran. "The more I see of the absurdities and cruelties that result from the present system," he says, "the more I think that our own State Department will have to be directed by legislation to regulate it at the source."

STOP THE RACE

To the layman the right way to regulate immigration at the source seems plain: Refuse to admit here any alien who sails after the steamship company at the sailing port has been notified by cable that the quota for that alien's country is full, counting in aliens of that country at

sea on the date of notification and as indicated by cable reports from American consuls abroad of the numbers previously passed and embarked. Furthermore, let no visas be issued in foreign ports except under certificates from an official American agent in the home country of each emigrant that he meets the requisite admission qualifications as to health, sanity, non-criminal record, and desirability.

The time will come when we shall select our future citizens instead of having them dumped upon our shores. Canada does this now. Think of the absurdity of a solemn board in New York or elsewhere scanning a moral certificate made out by some one in, say, Brindisi as to Antonio Zito's qualifications for American citizenship! And it is an even bet, anyway, whether Antonio will or will not be shipped back because Luigi Gitello, of Perugia, had the good luck to sail on a faster ship!

It might be worth while for Congress to stop juggling with percentages of our racial make-up before the war, and find an intelligent, practical way to apply the basic principle of immigration stated in this journal by its late editor, Lyman Abbott, when the present curious legal puzzle in arithmetic called an immigration law was under consideration in Congress: "The country is threatened by two perils—an indiscriminating panic which would exclude all immigrants as undesirables and an indiscriminating greed which would open our gates to all immigrants as a convenient addition to our labor market. The one spirit is as morally unsound and as politically unwise as the other."

AVOIDING THE THREAT OF A BOOM

AREDUCTION of \$152,000,000 in government receipts during the next fiscal year is predicted by General Herbert M. Lord, Director of the Budget, in his annual report to the President. That, it appears, is a forecast of declining business. General Lord looks for a falling off of \$50,000,000 in receipts from income and profits taxes and of \$25,000,000 in customs revenues. With unchanged laws, that can only mean that the outlook is for smaller incomes and profits upon which taxes will be paid and a diminished volume of dutiable imports. Miscellaneous internal revenue, which is probably affected to a smaller degree by changes in general business conditions, is expected to maintain its present annual rate.

In comparison with the total of the

National revenue, the predicted decline is small—from \$3,638,489,483 to \$3,486,595,086. In other words, the Director of the Budget foresees an income reduced by only a little more than four per cent, which does not indicate a serious decline of business. It is generally agreed that industrial activity in the United States has been for some months past at the peak point of safety, that further expansion would mean a boom with consequent disaster. Indication of a slight recession is, therefore, probably a wholesome sign.

After all, it may well be that the Government will not find itself with any less money for carrying on its activities. The economy programme has reached the stage of fruition. It will be remembered that the predicted deficit of \$822,433,231 for the past fiscal year actually turned out to be a surplus of \$309,657,460. The Government spent during the year \$364,000,000 less than it was expected to spend and collected \$768,000,000 more than it was expected to collect. Sound business administration may bring an equally welcome surprise in next year's figures of income and outlay.

DOES ONE DOLLAR EQUAL FIVE?

ARE American farmers \$3,000,000,000 poorer, measured in debt-paying power, because the price of wheat has declined from \$1.40 a bushel just before harvest to 80 cents a bushel at the present time?

On the face of the figures, it does not appear so to the layman, but the Washington representative of the American Farm Bureau Federation, Mr. Gray Silver, asserts it as a fact. He estimates that we have in this country, counting crop and carry-over, practically a billion bushels of wheat. The decline of sixty cents a bushel in price means that the billion bushels of wheat would bring \$600,000,000 less than it would have brought had the price not declined. But, says Mr. Silver, since \$1 of new credit will liquidate five times that amount of indebtedness, the loss of \$600,000,000 means that the farm communities are deprived of paying off debts to the extent of \$3,000,000,000.

This seems a refinement of statistical economy beyond the comprehension of the average person, but it is not for that reason alone to be brought into question. On the basis of Mr. Silver's calculation, the slump in wheat prices, already recognized as serious enough, is revealed as a much greater disaster, not alone to the farmer who produced the wheat, but

to the banker who has financed his operations, the tradesman who supplies his needs—to the Nation, in fact.

The greater part of this loss, Mr. Silver asserts, can still be avoided if farmers will hold wheat on their farms until there is a market for from 100,000,000 to 200,000,000 bushels of new wheat. The amendment to the Warehouse Act passed at the last session of Congress makes this easily possible, he says, and the Intermediate Credits Act, also the work of the last Congress, makes it possible for the farmer to borrow the money he needs with which to pay his debts on receipts issued against wheat thus warehoused.

Both the Warehouse Act and the Intermediate Credits Act were designed, of course, to assist in meeting emergencies such as the present one. The machinery for applying the aid they can give is, however, somewhat complicated and has not been as yet generally organized. Undoubtedly, farm warehousing of grain and borrowing of money from intermediate credit banks on the warehouse receipts will sooner or later become a general practice. Whether the two things can be extensively enough put into practice to afford relief as to this year's crop is questionable. It is also a question whether an appreciable measure of relief would result if the practice could be made extensive and immediate. Representatives of Government and other organizations have said that it would not. It was, as a fact, in reply to these critics that Mr. Silver made his statement concerning the \$3,000,000,000 loss in debt-paying power as the result of the slump in wheat prices.

A NEW GERMAN SYSTEM WITH AN OLD GERMAN SPIRIT

GERMANY, apparently, remains true to its old ideal of education for a purpose. The purpose has changed. Therefore the system of education is undergoing a complete metamorphosis. Not long ago the purpose was to fit every child into a mold which would turn out a unit in world empire. To-day the effort is to leave every child free to develop his individuality in such ways as to fit him for the greatest possible usefulness in a democracy.

This is the word brought back from Germany by an agent of the United States Bureau of Education, Superintendent C. W. Washburn, of the Winnetka, Illinois, schools, and published by the Bureau in a bulletin. The movement for democratic schools was started in Hamburg by Dr. Paulson,

who has recently been made Superintendent of Schools in Berlin. He is establishing twelve of his democratic schools in that city, and the idea, new as it is, is said to be popular both with children and parents. A deep impression is said to have been made on the whole of Germany.

Dr. Paulson and his disciples do not claim to know what they are educating for, except that it is freedom. They do not claim to know what the new world will be, or even what it should be. What they do claim to know is that a generation brought up in freedom, with aspirations of the soul fully expressed, will be able to see what teachers and politicians of to-day cannot see, and to do what no nation has done so far. Superficially, the idea does not seem at all German. Yet there is in it the old idea of educating super-citizens for a super-Germany.

The description of the Paulson schools reads strangely even to Americans who have fondly thought that they were educating their children for democracy. Children start to school at six, under a specified teacher. When they grow a little older, each child chooses its own teacher. There are no grades, no regular classes, no promotions. The children simply spend five or six hours a day in intercourse with their teachers. There is no constraint upon them. They talk when they like, move freely about the building, and work at whatever interests them. They are not asked to learn to read or to write or to do sums in arithmetic. If the child discovers that it wishes to learn to read, the teacher is there to help. Invariably, say the Paulsonites, every child does sooner or later wish to learn to read and write. Until the desire comes nobody urges him. Love of reading and knowledge, wisely say the Paulsonites, cannot be forced. Practically all children in these schools are said to make great progress in text-books. Still, advance in text-books is held to be incidental. The real object is spontaneous and self-reliant children—a training that will enable the child, when he grows up, to form his own decisions and to act upon them. Mere knowledge is of little consequence, for, say the teachers, no one can foresee what type of knowledge these children will need in a society as yet unformed.

This is a natural reaction from the old military method of education that brought to Germany first power and then catastrophe. Like all reactions, it will have its counter-reaction in time. Behind this new system, how-

ever, persists the same idea that set Germany running amuck—the idea that the chief end of man, or at least of the German tribe, is self-expression. As Kuno Francke, contrasting German self-expression (or self-surrender, as he called it) with American self-possession, wrote before the beginning of the World War:

A German loves not only to surrender himself to a great cause or a sacred trust, he equally loves to surrender himself to whims. He loves to surrender to feelings, to hysterias of all sorts; he loves to merge himself in vague and formless imaginings, in extravagant and reckless experience, in what he likes to call "living himself out." . . . Nobody can be a more relentless destroyer of all that makes life beautiful and lovely, nobody can be a more savage hater of religious beliefs, of popular tradition, of patriotic instincts, than the German who has convinced himself that by the uprooting of all these things he performs the sacred task of saving society.

A new German system of education which trains the child in self-surrender to his own whims is not likely to make the German spirit safer for the world, even if it is expressed in the forms of democracy. It is the same German idea that for the past generation has vitiated German art and has corrupted German morals and that sent Germans plunging into Belgium.

PRESIDENT HARDING AND HIS ADMINISTRATION

AMONG American Presidents Harding will be one of the least misunderstood. No myth will obscure his personality. He will be remembered as he was.

This is as he would have it. There was nothing in him that craved a fictitious renown. No form of misrepresentation would have been more distasteful to him than a false halo. He never exalted himself or cultivated the art of appearing the hero. He never took to himself credit for the achievements of others. He never strutted in borrowed finery. He wished, not adorers to praise him, but friends to understand and trust him.

To an extraordinary degree what he wished has come true. The people of America have discovered that in the loss of their President they have lost a friend. Death, the revealer, has suddenly made Americans aware of the affection they had for this man. So self-effacing had he been in the

most exalted office in the world that the people did not realize how well they knew him until he had gone.

Humility such as Harding's is compatible both with dignity and with force of character. It is rare in public men, but when it appears in union with firmness of will it endows a man with power. It is a magic faculty by which a man draws unconsciously to himself or to the cause he serves the talents of others. It provides him with resources such as no one man can otherwise command. At the same time it disarms opposition and turns enemies into friends. It enables disjoined, conflicting, and even disparate forces to unite in a common pursuit.

It is this trait in Warren Harding that is the key to his career.

Because there was in him no vanity to be served he was in his early days welcomed into the counsels of his neighbors. From that time began his expanding leadership. Because he was always ready to listen to others it was he who in the end was listened to, and his advice was then not so much his own as the absorbed and reissued wisdom of the group. In political affairs he naturally followed the same course as in other business. Successively State Senator, Lieutenant-Governor, and candidate for Governor of Ohio, he was a party man, not so much because he loved conformity for its own sake or for the rewards it brought, as because he was always ready to let his own opinions seek their fortune among the opinions of others.

Within two years of his election to the United States Senate he was chosen Temporary Chairman of the Republican Convention of 1916, and there, in the Coliseum in Chicago, his capacity for self-subordination was tested to its limit, for he made of his "keynote speech" (as the Temporary Chairman's address is called in American political cant) a perfect expression, not of himself so much, but of that highly respectable and totally unimaginative assemblage.

Four years later, on accepting the nomination for the Presidency, he expressed his genuine distaste for self-assertion by declaring his faith in party government, in contrast with personal government, as the agency for translating aspirations and convictions into public performance.

After the turmoil of war and in the midst of the hardly less contentious confusion of a so-called peace, the American people were ready to welcome a leader who would sink his will in the common will. In his open repu-

diation of the League of Nations they heard voiced their own protest not merely against the plan of the League itself, but against the attempt to put it through by an overriding will intolerant of counsel and compromise. The American people welcomed Harding's leadership precisely because he did not seek to impose it.

Elected, he called into his Cabinet as able a group of advisers as any President ever selected, and among them two who in popular estimation were obviously the President's superiors. A man smitten by vanity would never have tolerated near himself such rivals for popular admiration. Mr. Harding not only tolerated Mr. Hughes and Mr. Hoover, but gave them a freedom which provided their exceptional gifts both exercise and display. In calling to the Treasury Mr. Mellon he placed beside himself a man whom the people soon recognized as a financial genius. Mr. Harding's courage in selecting his Cabinet was the courage of humility, and its reward is the record of a memorable Administration.

By common consent the first place in the achievements of his Administration will be given to the Armament Conference. He never questioned and, so far as we know, never begrudged the credit that was given to others for initiating it, for he was more intent on success for his plan than on fame for himself. When the Conference was called, he provided for it the indispensable atmosphere of moral disarmament by his two speeches, one at the bier of the Unknown Soldier on Armistice Day and the other the next day before the delegates assembled in plenary session, and thereupon he retired from the scene. So completely did the President keep his hands off the management of that Conference that at one time it became evident by his comments, informally made to newspaper men, that he was not even following the course of the Conference from day to day. How great a trust he reposed in the American delegates was made clear enough by the remarks which he made to Mr. H. H. Kohl-saat concerning the treaties drafted as a result of the Conference. He said, in substance: "The success or failure of this Administration depends on the ratification or rejection of these treaties. Every Administration's name in history rests on one or two acts. If these treaties are ratified by the Senate, then this Administration's name is secure in history. If the treaties are defeated, nothing I can do the balance of my term can be

of more than passing interest, which will be forgotten in a few years." It was characteristic of President Harding that he intrusted his place in history to the men whom he had chosen to work with him, and gave to them, not only authority for conducting the negotiations, but the popular glory for their success. It was a great experiment, greatly conceived and greatly executed. If he had tried to impose his will, the plan would have been a failure from the outset. It succeeded precisely because Mr. Harding had a natural humility that made of every delegate of every country there his coadjutor.

Comparable to the Armament Conference as an achievement in foreign policy is, as a permanent feature of domestic policy, the American Government's adoption of the Budget. It must suffice here to say concerning this that the same method which brought to an end the naval race, ended the dispute over Shantung, terminated the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, and banished the threat of war in the Pacific by the very negotiation of the Four-Power Pacific Treaty, enacted that budget system into law.

Beside these great achievements, other achievements of his Administration seem at present of no more than moderate importance. Nevertheless there were other items in the record of his Administration which will have lasting effect. One of these is the provision for a flexible tariff which may reduce the friction and the economic jolting commonly characteristic of tariff tinkering. Another is the institution of a method to reduce the evils of the business cycle by reducing the heights of false prosperity and the depths of depression. Still another achievement, which is in fact a group of achievements, is the withdrawal of Government from business enterprise. As President Harding had no overweening desire to have his way prevail over the ways of other people, so he would not have the Government arrogate to itself functions which properly belong to citizens in their private capacity. He believed that a measure of humility was becoming to officialdom, and he thought it less necessary for Government to engage in business than for business, or at least business methods, to find an important place in Government. Perhaps as lasting as any effect of his Administration will be his appointments to the Supreme Court.

The failures of his Administration are due partly to the confusion and unsettlement of the times, partly to

THE HARDING THEY KNEW

Harding was above all a just man. He was a good man, the basis of whose beliefs was friendship of individuals and of peoples.

STÉPHANE LAUZANNE.

Editor of the Paris "Matin."

His strength lay rather in the fact that he was ordinary and typically American and that his qualities of character were such that whether he were journalist, Senator, or President of the United States he never dreamed of distinguishing his own personality from that of the great mass of his fellow-countrymen, or of breaking away into regions of thought or action that they could not understand.

From the London "Times."

Words cannot express my grief at the death of my chief, President Harding. It is idle to say that his death is a calamity for the United States, for every one knows it. He gave his life to the service of our country as truly as any one in our history.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT,

Acting Secretary of the Navy.

One cannot fully estimate the quieting influence his charming personality had upon a fretful people.

WILLIAM DRENNAN,

Of the New York Civil Service Commission.

He was great enough to be natural; brave enough to be patient and to wait. Kindliness clothed him with dignity like a flowing robe. Place did not make him proud, power did not make him arrogant, yet there were no hinges to the knees of his spirit. He was brave enough to wait for, and waiting, found the abiding confidence of a people.

EDWIN P. MORROW,

Governor of Kentucky.

If he could, he would have chosen no other cause for his death than service to his people. President Harding so loved the people that if necessary to serve them best he would willingly bear their criticism. It is always this which marks the statesman and the patriot from the unworthy in public place, who to please us pervert or withhold from us the often disagreeable but eternal truths of life.

He was a strong and determined man, who moved in his own way all the more effectively and surely because he was patient and kindly with those who differed with him, but his kindness was never weakness and his patience never cowardice.

CHARLES G. DAWES,

Former Director of the Budget.

The Almighty has taken the President from his work. There is loss to the Nation of a great leader and to thousands a beloved personal friend. At my first meeting with him during the war his greeting was: "Neighbor, I want to be helpful." Being helpful to his neighbor was Warren Harding's ideal. He envisaged the whole American people as "home folks" and neighbors. He loved to think and talk of what made good neighbors. He liked to feel of America as a good neighbor in the world.

He came to the Presidency with the burden of reconstruction, in a time of high National emotions, of bitter prejudice, of deep conflict in thought, of unparalleled dislocation of economic life, of unemployment. It was his determination to soften acerbities and to secure progress and healing through helpfulness and patient conciliation.

He felt deeply that hard driving would open unhealable breaches among our people. He applied geniality and good will to his tremendous tasks in a way that amounted to genius. But under this was a resolute moral courage and steadfastness. He was the man needed for our times. He became the rallying-point of constructive forces in our country. His success in these tasks has come into every home.

So generous and unselfish has been his outpouring of service that it has worn out the human body of our leader.

HERBERT HOOVER,

Secretary of Commerce.

Few Presidents have had a stronger grip upon the affections of our people. His dignity, simplicity, sincerity, and graciousness won the hearts of all. His personality, however, did not alone account for his popularity. He has won a place in our history which will place him among the most worthy of those who have occupied the Presidency. His views were statesmanlike and the honor of our Nation was safe and secure in his hands.

SENATOR WALSH, of Massachusetts.

No words can express the grief into which we are plunged by this calamity. The Nation has suffered an irreparable loss. A quiet, brave, strong leader has fallen, overborne by the burden he was carrying.

He was not only an able and faithful public servant but one of nature's noblemen. A true-hearted, generous spirit, he has left with the people he loved a rare example of gentleness in high office, and of the most conscientious and unselfish devotion to public duty.

CHARLES E. HUGHES,

Secretary of State.

disunion in his party, but partly to the defects of Mr. Harding's own qualities. There are times and circumstances when conference and compromise are futile or impossible. Even so unassuming a man as the Apostle Paul found it necessary at one time to take the place of the captain of a ship. In the coal and railway strikes a year ago Mr. Harding's disposition to see both sides and to invite the belligerents to a common agreement prevented that vigorous and seemingly arbitrary action which is required in emergencies to avoid disaster. His desire to promote the interests of the American merchant marine and to reorganize the machinery of the Federal Government was thwarted by apparently irreconcilable differences of opinion concerning methods. Perhaps the most costly failure of all, because it must be reckoned directly in human

life and happiness, has been the failure of the proper administration of the Veterans' Bureau; but that was due, not to deliberate neglect, but to the inclination to too great confidence in the ability of those to whom the President intrusted the administration of that most difficult service. Most explicable of all his failures was his failure to win the victory for his proposal that America should join the World Court. Indeed, that is hardly to be counted a failure at all. It was simply an uncompleted task. He went about it, however, as about every other undertaking, not to see that he had his way, but to see that the cause was served. He was ready to yield on means, and expected others to yield also.

Perhaps Mr. Harding's humility showed its strength best in the way he said No. His veto of the Bonus

Bill was so explained that it did not seem like the overriding of the will of Congress, but the statement of a condition which made the carrying out of that will practically impossible.

Throughout he sought understanding, he wanted to be himself understood, and he wanted to understand others. He wanted others to understand one another. He believed that the nations needed nothing so much as mutual understanding. It was on a "voyage of understanding," as he called it, that he was traveling when he died, and the heritage he leaves his country is the spirit which will be invoked when misunderstandings arise at home or abroad.

There are men who are great, whether theirs is a great office or no. There are other men who remain little despite their great office. And there are other men yet who by filling a



(C) Underwood

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE



(C) Underwood

MRS. CALVIN COOLIDGE

great office greatly themselves become great.

Harding's greatness consisted not in any great endowment, but in employing the endowment he had in a great office greatly.

There are many ways of measuring greatness among men, and by some of these means President Harding may not stand in history among the great of the earth; but there is one measure which his name need not fear. "Who-soever will be great among you, shall be your minister; and whosoever of you will be the chiefest, shall be servant of all."

THE NEW PRESIDENT CALVIN COOLIDGE

CALVIN COOLIDGE has come to the Presidency with a double heritage. From his ancestors and from his environment he inherits the ideals and habits of a people whose qualities have gone into the foundations of the Republic. From the people at large he has received a great bequest of faith.

Few, if any, public men of National reputation in our history have been so little known as Calvin Coolidge is and yet so much trusted. He was made Vice-President because of one public act—his maintenance of law and order in the face of a police strike. On his record in that case the people believe in him as a man of action and courage. But of his policies, his probable course in any contingency calling for judgment, they have no real basis of knowledge. With that trust they made him Vice-President, and with that trust they accept him as President with equanimity.

And yet the people as a whole, and the politicians as well, have no means of knowing how to classify him. They know he is a Republican, that he has served acceptably in public office, in the City Council of Northampton, Massachusetts, then as City Attorney, then in the Senate of the Commonwealth, and then as Lieutenant-Governor and Governor. But is he a conservative or a liberal? Is he capable of revolutionary acts, or is he constitutionally a reactionary? Or is he neither, but just a commonplace, conscientious politician? There are not many citizens of the United States that can give good reasons for an answer to any of these questions. Perhaps those who are seeking an answer to those questions might find some answer in this quotation from his

speech on being elected President of the Massachusetts State Senate. It might be called his political creed:

Do the day's work. If it be to protect the rights of the weak, whoever objects, do it. If it be to help a powerful corporation better to serve the people, whatever the opposition, do that. Expect to be called a stand-patter, but don't be a stand-patter. Expect to be called a demagogue, but don't be a demagogue. Don't hesitate to be as revolutionary as science. Don't hesitate to be as reactionary as the multiplication table. Don't expect to build up the weak by pulling down the strong. Don't hurry to legislate. Give administration a chance to catch up with legislation.

Evidently the American Republic has as its President now a man who is not attached to labels, but is not afraid of labels being attached to him; a man who will not swerve from a deed merely because of a name.

Because his National reputation was built on the suppression of a strike, it has been assumed in some quarters that he was opposed to organized labor. Such a supposition is gratuitous. The strike which he suppressed was not the strike of workmen in a conflict with employers; it was a strike of public servants against the public welfare. What he has stated is that the public safety is paramount, and he has expressed it emphatically in these words: "There is no right to strike against the public safety by anybody, anywhere, any time."

So far from being unsympathetic to the demands of wage-earners for better conditions, he has advocated legislative measures which some people regard as too progressive. He has defended social insurance legislation in these words:

We have long been familiar with insurance to cover losses. . . . Social insurance will not be, under a Republican interpretation, any new form of outdoor relief, some new scheme of living on the town. It will be an extension of the old familiar principle to the needs at hand, and so popularized as to meet the requirements of our times.

Coming to the Presidency at a time when there seems a widespread desire to work little or poorly for as great a compensation as possible, he brings a message sorely needed. "Savages do not work," he says. "The growth of a sentiment that despises work is an appeal from civilization to barbarism." And he adds: "If material rewards be the only measure of success, there is no hope of a peaceful solution of our social questions, for they will never be large enough to satisfy. But such is

not the case. Men struggle for material success because that is the path, the process, to the development of character. We ought to demand economic justice, but most of all because it is justice."

But the edge of his philosophy cuts both ways, for he has said in an address to industrial leaders: "You men who represent our industries can see that there is the same right to disperse unlawful assembling of wealth or power that there is to disperse a mob that has met to lynch or riot."

From the new President those who believe that sentiment is a good substitute for action and that good intentions can take the place of right conduct have nothing to hope for. Some lovers of peace may be shocked to know that he has said, "The only hope for peace lies in the perfection of the arts of war." But all who trust solely to force will be disappointed on reading this passage: "But America must furnish more than armies and navies for the future. If armies and navies were to be supreme, Germany would be right. . . . It must be our disinterested plans that are to restore Europe to a peace through justice when we have secured victory through the sword. And into a new world we are to take, not only the people of oppressed Europe, but the people of America."

Of the World Court, it is recalled that almost three years ago Mr. Coolidge in a campaign speech said:

I believe humanity would welcome the creation of an international association for conference and a world court whose verdicts upon justiciable questions this country, in common with all nations, would be willing and able to uphold. The decision of this court or the recommendations of such a conference could be accepted without sacrificing on our part or asking any other power to sacrifice one iota of its nationality.

President Coolidge has announced that it will be his purpose to carry out the policies which President Harding has begun. He could not be expected to do otherwise. He was chosen with President Harding on the same platform. Nevertheless we hope that in loyalty to that purpose he will be himself. Cynical politicians in Washington and elsewhere, as correspondence from Washington in this issue indicates, are giving to Calvin Coolidge little credit for intellectual, moral, or political independence, initiative, and force. We hope those politicians will have occasion to regret their present state of mind. We believe that he will follow the counsel he gave to the legis-

lative body he addressed as Governor when he said to them: "It is your duty not only to reflect public opinion, but to lead it."

When the people of Northampton, Massachusetts, where Calvin Coolidge lives, met on Sunday following the death of President Harding, they held

at the close of the morning service a short service of prayer for the new President, their fellow-townsmen and neighbor, and asked the guidance of the Almighty for the new Chief Magistrate and his Administration. In this act we believe these people were speaking for the Nation.

A GOOD NEIGHBOR

BY LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

CONTRIBUTING EDITOR OF THE OUTLOOK

THE impression left on me by President Harding is that of kindness—and what better impression can any man leave behind him when he dies? He was a good neighbor—and what better epitaph can be written on a man's tombstone than that?

When he was nominated for the Presidency in 1920, I was disappointed. I had thought of him as a rather pompous and party-minded Senator, the kind that thrusts his hand into the breast of his frock coat, waves the flag, and talks rhetorically about the Grand Old Republican Party. My first surprise was to learn the rules which were pasted for the guidance of every reporter and writer on the Marion "Star" while Mr. Harding was the active proprietor and editor of that journal. These rules affected me more in my attitude towards his candidacy than any of the policies of political statesmanship to which he gave utterance during the campaign. They seemed to me so important that I printed them prominently in The Outlook of November 10, 1920, under the title "A Self-Portrait of Harding." They read as follows:

Remember there are two sides to every question. Get them both.

Be truthful. Get the facts.

Mistakes are inevitable, but strive for accuracy. I would rather have one story exactly right than a hundred half wrong.

Be decent, be fair, be generous.

Boost—don't knock.

There's good in everybody. Bring out the good and never needlessly hurt the feelings of anybody.

In reporting a political gathering give the facts, tell the story as it is, not as you would like to have it. Treat all parties alike. If there is any politics to be played, we will play it in our editorial columns.

Treat all religious matters reverently.

If it can possibly be avoided, never bring ignominy to an innocent man or child in telling of the misdeeds or misfortunes of a relative.

Don't wait to be asked, but do it without the asking, and above all be

clean and never let a dirty word or suggestive story get into type.

I want this paper so conducted that it can go into any home without destroying the innocence of any child.

I thought then and I think now that this apparently simple creed is really a profound one, and is a key to the steadily growing respect and influence with which Mr. Harding's character has affected the country.

About six weeks ago, on June 15, I met Mr. Harding in the White House. I was one of a group which saw and heard him present three gold medals, awarded by the Roosevelt Memorial Association, to three distinguished Americans. When the company, which included several men and women of National and international importance, had gathered in a semi-circle in the East Room, President Harding entered through the doors leading from the main corridor. My recollection is that he was dressed in white. I remember being struck with the combination of dignity and benignity in his modest but courteous bearing as he entered. His presentation remarks were extemporaneous, but what he said was appropriate and finely phrased. In presenting the medal which was bestowed upon Miss Louisa Lee Schuyler, a great-granddaughter of Alexander Hamilton, for her life-long service in behalf of women and children, Mr. Harding said:

There is nothing in life comparable to the inspiration of service, and I would like you to say to the recipient of this medal that it has been a very great pleasure not only to transmit it, and to echo some of the ideals of the great Roosevelt, but to pay to her the tribute of doing that which, to my mind, is the greatest thing in the world.

It was quite apparent that there was nothing perfunctory in what he said and that he really thought that neighborly service is "the greatest thing in the world." On this occasion three young girls, about fourteen years of age, each a daughter of a

Trustee of the Roosevelt Memorial Association, presented Mr. Harding with a specially and handsomely bound copy of a report of the activities of the Memorial Association. It was quite delightful to see the President's face as these girls were making their short presentation addresses. And the gentleness and courtesy with which he accepted their gift, and returned thanks for it, was really quite affecting.

It is rather a curious coincidence—some people of sublime faith might call it more than a coincidence—that just as President Harding was leaving this world two rather remarkable articles appeared in the public prints, by two Americans who are frequently in the political thoughts of their countrymen. Woodrow Wilson contributes to the August "Atlantic" a brief but clear and effective paper on what this country needs for the relief of its burden of perplexity; and in "Collier's Weekly" for the first week in August Henry Ford in an equally striking but quite different article gives his views of what the country needs. Both in a way say that what is needed is the spirit of neighborly service.

One of the greatest letter writers of all time wrote to some friends in the city of Corinth, nearly two thousand years ago, a letter, a famous passage of which is a tribute to neighborliness. It might be paraphrased somewhat as follows:

Though I leave a million dollars in my will to a hospital, and though I make every kind of sacrifice to maintain my opinions, and am not a good neighbor, I am really of very little use. A good neighbor is tolerant and kindly; envies nobody; does not boast of his own advantages and is not conceited. A good neighbor respects others and respects himself; is not grasping and selfish; and is not irascible. A good neighbor trusts men until they prove to be untrustworthy. The vicious things in men sadden him, but he is joyous when he remembers how much good, after all, there is in the community. A good neighbor bears a lot; believes in his fellowmen; hopes for the best; and endures with patience and courage what cannot be cured. A good neighbor is always a standby and a support to his community and to his country, even when political creeds fail and political orations cease to accomplish much and those who think they know it all have vanished into obscurity.

Since this article was written a colleague has called my attention to

the tribute to Mr. Harding by the Secretary of Commerce: "At my first meeting with him during the war," says Secretary Hoover, "his first

greeting was, 'Neighbor, I want to be helpful.' Being helpful to his neighbor was Warren Harding's ideal."

If it were possible to incorporate

this ideal into statesmanship, many perplexing and dangerous political problems would disappear like fog before the sunlight.

WARREN HARDING—STRANGER TO HATE

CORRESPONDENCE FROM WASHINGTON

BY ROBERT T. SMALL

WARREN HARDING loved life. He did not love power. Upon the background of these brief truths it is easy to paint the portrait of the man who became the twenty-ninth President of the United States.

If his own judgment had prevailed at a crucial point in his career, Warren Harding would not have been President. He would have preferred to continue as one among ninety-six Senators, content to take his place only occasionally in the sun, and having but slight wish for the pitilessness of the steady noon-day glare. His mind went along with the men in the ranks. He did not envy the leaders.

It was at this moment that Mrs. Harding, ever a dominating influence in his life, prevailed and Mr. Harding continued in a pre-Convention fight which had appeared to him as all but hopeless. The rest is history.

To visualize Warren Harding in a proper perspective it is necessary to realize that, not excepting even the plain man from Massachusetts who has succeeded him, he was the most modest man ever to occupy the White House. While there he never ceased to marvel that the Presidency should be his. This was because he held the office in such reverent awe. He thought of himself as President as but a humble man with a great responsibility placed in his keeping. If he could but administer the trust so that in the end his fellow-beings might say, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant," his satisfaction, he often declared, would be complete. "Mr. Harding wants to be President more than any man I ever knew," declared an old White House attaché to the writer just before the President started on his ill-fated tour. The attaché had estimated many a President before. His judgment of Mr. Harding was just.

But Mr. Harding did not think of the Presidency as a vehicle to forward the inordinate ambitions of any individual. He did not believe that the power of the Presidency was a thing to be wielded ruthlessly against one's adversaries. He did not look upon himself as a brilliant genius. He did not feel that he was the only man of his generation fitted for the Presi-

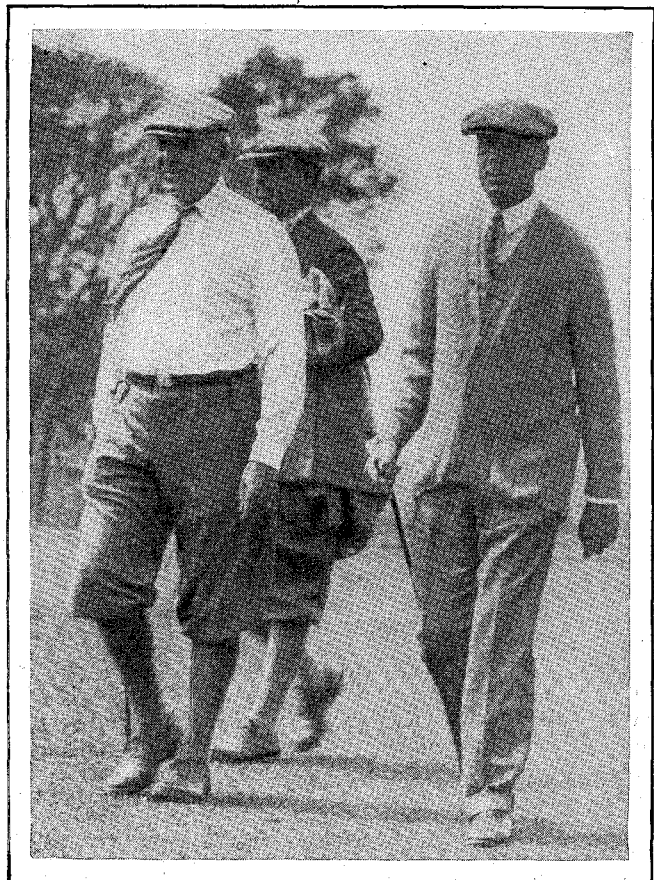
ROBERT T. SMALL is Director of the News Department of the Consolidated Press Association. He is an internationally famous reporter and graphic news writer, formerly a member of the staff of the Washington "Star," and now its regular contributor. Mr. Small writes of his article in answer to our request:

I think you can truthfully say it is written by one who knew him well. I accompanied Mr. Harding from Marion to Washington to take the oath of office; I am going back with him to his last resting-place. I was assigned to "cover" Mr. Harding immediately after his election. My despatches were in more than a hundred of the leading papers of the country. I was with Mr. Harding in Florida; I knew him in the intimacy of the homes of his old friends in Marion; knew him in the companionship of the golf links, and in the "not for publication" conferences at the White House.

dency. At times it seemed that he carried this highly developed sense of modesty too far. It made some of those with whom he came in contact rate him far below his worth.

In the Presidency Mr. Harding always spoke of himself in the third person. He was never "I." Nearly always he was "the Executive;" occasionally "the President." "That is as far as the Executive may go," he would say, and in this phrase he expressed the really sacred regard he felt for the three Constitutional branches of the Government—the legislative, the executive, and the judicial.

Mr. Harding was a stickler for orderliness. He always wanted to do "the becoming thing." He would also ask himself if a certain proposed line of action would be "seemly." The word "sweet" also had a high place in



Photograph by Jorge Jex

"MR. HARDING WAS CRITICISED FOR PLAYING TOO MUCH GOLF. AS A MATTER OF FACT, HE DID NOT PLAY ENOUGH"

his vocabulary. He could not bear to hurt the feelings of the most lowly person about him. He could not say no.

The ends to which he would go to avoid annoying others were illustrated by an incident at Marion in the period between his election and the inauguration. One day there was a great mystery. The President-elect and Mrs. Harding were going to Cleveland. They thought they could slip away from the watchfully waiting newspaper men—possibly even get away from the Secret Service sleuths already guarding the new Executive-to-be. But secrets will out, and Mr. Harding got a real shock when one of the correspondents casually inquired:

"Why are you going to Cleveland to-day, Senator?"

Mr. Harding's annoyance was obvious.

"If any of you boys go to Cleveland with me, or even mention my going," he shot back, "you will incur mountains of displeasure."

The mystery of the whole thing puzzled the correspondents. They thought the visit must have some great political or international significance. It was at the time the "best minds" were coming to Marion. Naturally, we thought the "super-minds" must have been summoned to Cleveland. But it leaked out at last that Mr. Harding was going to Cleveland merely to consult a noted dentist, and desired that his mission be kept a secret so that the feelings of the home town dentist in Marion should not be hurt.

Warren Harding spared the feelings of others, because he knew what it was himself to be hurt. He was the most sensitive man ever in the Presidency. Nor was it possible for him always to shield his hurts from those about him. A chance remark now and then would show how persistently he had read and how keenly he had felt some of the things said about him. Mr. Harding did not resent straight-out political criticism. It was the jest, the chance shot of some newspaper paragrapher, that apparently cut him to the quick. He would remember such a blow for days. Because he came to Washington from a small town Mr. Harding resented the occasional reference made to "Main Street" in many of the inevitable jibes. He also resented the sallies at his English. He was proud of that English, proud of what in the newspaper craft was called his "style," and why it should suddenly be picked to pieces just because he was President he could never quite fathom. The criticism had its effect, however. One of Mr. Harding's undeniable early weaknesses was a love for polysyllabic alliteration. He thought it an artful aid. But he got away from the fault



(C) Paul Thompson

MRS. WARREN G. HARDING RECEIVING GIRL SCOUTS—A CHARACTER STUDY OF MRS. HARDING'S ATTRACTIVE PERSONALITY

entirely in his last writings and speeches.

Mr. Harding had great difficulty in accommodating himself to the transition from the comparatively secluded life of a Senator to the searching publicity that surrounds a President. He did not see why he could not be just plain Warren Harding in the White House, as he had been all of his life. He chafed at first under the "chaperonage" of the Secret Service men, and at the ubiquitousness of the correspondents. He seemed particularly jealous of his last few days in Marion. On one of these days he walked into a shoe-polishing parlor. In walked a Secret Service man.

"Can't a fellow even get a shine without being watched?" protested the President-elect.

"No, sir," said the agent.

"I suppose I have no rights any more?" This somewhat petulantly.

"No, sir," replied the agent, unperturbed.

There was a sigh, and after that Warren Harding resigned himself to the inevitable.

His difficulty in comprehending the change that comes to a President was illustrated by another incident. Mr. Harding was preparing to go to Florida for six weeks of rest and recreation before assuming the onerous duties of office. Some of the more timid of the professional politicians interested in his welfare hesitated to approve the journey. The winter was a hard one. Coal was short in some of the Northern cities and there was suffering among the masses. In these circumstances, it was suggested that it might not look so well for the President-elect's picture to be spread in the papers basking in white flannels under a sheltering palm and drinking, as it were, from the fountain of

youth. The suggestion did not disturb Mr. Harding in the least.

"All right," he said; "let's see that no pictures are taken."

It did not occur to him that any one could mean that the trip itself should be called off. He had always gone to Florida in the winter as a private citizen or obscure official, and he saw no reason why he should not go just as inconspicuously as before. Mr. Harding was never complex. This simple reasoning was characteristic of him.

Although his religious respect for the Presidency remained unimpaired to the end, the office brought many disappointments to the modest man from Ohio. The squabbles for place, the greed and selfishness with which he found himself confronted, never ceased to puzzle and amaze him. It was really his first experience with National office-seekers, for during the six years he was in the Senate Woodrow Wilson was President and there were few political plums for Warren Harding to distribute among the faithful of the G. O. P. The intricacies of the office also proved far greater than he had imagined.

"Government, after all, is a simple thing," said Harding the candidate. But Harding the President found it exceedingly complex, with ramifications which seemingly had no end. His own formulas of life, his own method of doing things simply and direct, found him bewildered at the mazes of diplomatic and political intrigue, but striving always against sharper and craftier minds to make

the elementary qualities of honesty and good will prevail over the more subtle and sordid forces at play in the world.

Mr. Harding was not a keen student. He did not rate himself of the *intelligentsia*. His reading was mostly of the newspaper—an editorial trait of the years. He was not fond of public speaking; he felt it a duty. The preparation of set speeches was a heavy task to him; he did not have the free flowing ideas of a Roosevelt or a Wilson; his mind was grooved more like that of a Taft, or, as was frequently said, a McKinley.

When he was happiest at the White House was at the "old home evenings," as he used to call them, when some of the old friends of Marion or of Washington would drop in for a sociable time. Mr. Harding liked men of merry mood—good story-tellers and what might be termed boon companions. He disliked formality. In his hours of leisure he liked Harry Daugherty and Harry New, Joe Frelinghuysen and Albert Lasker, Fred Upham, and the rest. They were his playmates in Washington, just as "Gink" Schroeter, Orlie Rapp, Jim Prendergast, Dick Crissinger, Charley King, and the others had been in Marion. Secretary Hughes, Secretary Hoover, Secretary Mellon, and men of their stripe were his official associates, and that only. He respected their views and advice, but he found no relaxation in their society.

It has been truly said of Mr. Harding that he looked every inch the

President. Many believed that his constitution was as rugged as his stature, but this was not true. None too strong in youth, his pathway to man's estate was beset with many obstacles. He did not possess the physical stamina of some of his predecessors, and to those who knew him best this explained many things. Mr. Harding tackled his problems with enthusiastic zeal, but before he could proceed very far with them his strength would give out and the fighting instincts that welled up within him lacked the fuel to carry them on. Mr. Harding's health called for a great deal of outdoor exercise. He got this as Senator; he was denied a great deal of it as President. The result was plainly evident and progressive. Mr. Harding was criticised for playing too much golf. As a matter of fact, he did not play enough. A stricken people realize this now, perhaps, but they were unthinking and unreasoning before.

"They would not criticise me if I rode horseback two or three hours each day," President Harding exclaimed more than once. "Why do they attack me because I exercise at golf instead?"

As he loved life, so did Mr. Harding love his fellow-man. He preferred always to suffer an injustice himself than to deal an unjust blow.

It has been said that no man is strong unless he be hated as well as loved. If that be true, Warren Harding was not a strong man. He and hate were total strangers.

CALVIN COOLIDGE AND THE LITTLE THINGS

CORRESPONDENCE FROM WASHINGTON

BY MERCER VERNON

ONLY by the little things is the personal character of Calvin Coolidge, thirtieth President of the United States, known to the capital of the Nation over which he now presides. Two years' residence in the city of Washington has not been enough for this man of diffidence, modesty, and acute and scrupulous regard for the peculiar position which he has held to project his more positive personality upon those about him. He has been urged many times and in many ways to step farther out into the great National picture; but not even the action of President Harding in making him a member of the meetings of the Cabinet was enough to cause him to deviate from that fine sense of propriety and deference which has held him away from the public gaze.

Even to a smaller degree has the Nation at large come to know the man who is now President through the little things that have made him known and admired in the closer circle. Now, however, the isolated incident, the casual anecdote, and the half-forgotten episode in which Calvin Coolidge has quietly figured during his two years' residence in the National capital will be brought forth to introduce him to the great public which he is to serve as Chief Executive.

Such incidents doubtless occurred often enough in any given period of association with the then Vice-President, but too frequently they were so completely a part of Mr. Coolidge's natural retirement that they could scarcely be given enough worldly substance to carry them out of the time and place of their occurrence. Such

was the situation surrounding the incidents of his participation in the dedication of the Government hospital for colored war veterans at Tuskegee, Alabama, on February 12 last.

Naturally, pressure was brought to bear to have President Harding deliver the dedicatory address upon this occasion. This splendid institution, for the exclusive care of disabled colored veterans, had been conceived and brought to completion during the first eighteen months of the Harding Administration, and with the personal co-operation of President Harding himself. The President, however, was unable to accept the invitation, and Vice-President Coolidge was then urged to take his place.

"Does the President want me to go?" was his only answer to the invitation. No one in the party could



Photographic Division Tuskegee Institute, Alabama

"THE VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES WAS STILL LOOKING UP AT THE FIXED FIGURE ABOVE HIM"

answer the question specifically, and Mr. Coolidge made it emphatically plain that he would not presume to inject himself into this personal achievement of his chief without first being assured that it would be pleasing to the President. Here was a situation into which any public man possessing normal political selfishness might readily have stepped forward without a moment's hesitation, a situation of the utmost political significance to any one who cared to take advantage of it upon that basis. However, it was only after those extending the invitation had called again at the White House, and after President Harding at a subsequent Cabinet meeting had personally requested Mr. Coolidge to represent him on this occasion, that the man who is now President would consent to take a part

in the interesting and significant ceremony.

It was my privilege to go to Tuskegee in advance of the dedication, to assist in the arrangement of the programme.

Before leaving I called upon Mr. Coolidge. In our brief talk he conveyed to me, not very greatly by words, but plainly by manner and bearing, his deep sensibility of the clearly defined relations between black and white in the heart of the South. Absolutely nothing must be done or undertaken, he insisted, which should in the slightest degree cause embarrassment or chagrin to a single one of the hundreds of colored men and women who would participate in the dedication, or to a single one of the hundreds of white men and women who it was hoped would join hands

with the National Administration in throwing the doors of the \$2,000,000 institution open to colored men who had been disabled in the war service of their country.

A week later the proposed programme was shown to Mr. Coolidge in his office at the capital. It revealed that those who were to join the Vice-President in the dedication on Lincoln's birthday included, not only Dr. R. R. Moton, President of the Tuskegee Industrial and Normal Institute, and other leaders of the colored race, but also Governor W. W. Brandon, of Alabama, the Attorney-General and the Adjutant-General of Alabama, and several members of the Alabama Legislature. Not even a fleeting mark of emotion registered itself upon Mr. Coolidge's countenance. No sign of gratification or surprise. If his attitude suggested anything at all, it was merely that here was exactly what he had expected.

However, there was a minor detail of the programme at which he halted. It was this:

Feb. 12. 6.30 A.M. Governor Brandon, of Alabama, will meet the Vice-President at the Georgia-Alabama border. He will board the Vice-President's car to pay his respects, and accompany him to Tuskegee.

"That must be changed," the Vice-President finally directed, without looking up and without immediately explaining why. A few moments later, however, he revealed what was in his mind.

"In his own State," Mr. Coolidge said, "a Governor is superior to any public officer except the President of the United States. When we reach the border of the State of Alabama, I will go into the Governor's car and pay my respects to him."

Here was one of the little things by which a limited circle of persons has come to know Calvin Coolidge. It was one of the little things, as well, in which the then Vice-President acted so modestly, with such obvious and simple propriety, that no one even thought at the time of passing the incident along to a wider public. The Governor of Alabama, it should be added, also had some personal views upon this point. A guest in his beloved State was first and foremost a guest, no matter whether he was Vice-President of the United States or merely a Yankee lawyer come from Northampton, Massachusetts, to see how they did things in the South, and it was the first rule of courtesy for the host to bid him welcome. When he learned, however, that the Vice-President was determined in his position, he decided that another first rule of courtesy was that of acceding to a guest's desire. And so it happened

that when Vice-President Coolidge, one minute after leaving West Point, Georgia, had passed into the territorial confines of the State of Alabama, he went forward into the car ahead and made his obeisance not only to the governing head of that State, but also to his own sense of deference.

Two hours later Vice-President Coolidge, Northerner and Republican, and Governor Brandon, Southerner and Democrat, sat side by side on the platform of the Tuskegee chapel, and each in his turn addressed the vast audience of colored persons which confronted them. Coolidge spoke eloquently of the life and achievement of Abraham Lincoln, and the Governor of Alabama spoke earnestly and forcefully of the real and the misunderstood relations of the whites with the blacks in the South.

During the afternoon Mr. Coolidge was asked to pose for his picture before the cameras of the photographic division of Tuskegee Institute. A grassy spot in the vicinity of the splendid bronze statue to Booker T. Washington, founder of Tuskegee Institute, was selected. It was while the photographers were adjusting their cameras that Mr. Coolidge quietly moved out of focus. He walked very slowly up to the pediment of the statue. Mounting the granite step in front of him, he paused and looked up at the bronze likeness of the great colored leader. The cameras were immediately advanced, and when the student photographers pressed the rubber bulbs the Vice-President of the United States was still looking up at the fixed figure above him, and his hat was in his hand.

Here was another of the little

things—a momentary gesture revealing to those who witnessed it an unashamed respect for achievement and nobility, a respect which obliterates color or creed or political consideration, and bows only to the accomplished act. There will be many of these little things—the isolated incident, the casual anecdote, and the half-forgotten episode—recalled by those who have come into occasional contact with Mr. Coolidge during his two years' residence in the National capital. But they will have to come from manifold sources. No one man can have been fortunate enough to encounter more than three or four. They are never premeditated, and they occur only so occasionally that a week's close association with this modest man would scarcely bring forth more than a handful of really tellable things.

THE VACANT LEADERSHIP

CORRESPONDENCE FROM WASHINGTON

BY STANLEY FROST

WASHINGTON turned almost in a breath from the personal tragedy of President Harding's death to its political results. This was inevitable; the interests of every man and woman here are deeply rooted in politics, whether for reasons of personal advantage or of National policy. Much depends on finding out as soon as possible what will happen, and the discussion started almost before the ink that told of the death was dry.

In all this welter of speculation and divination one thing stands out above all others: Calvin Coolidge has had thrown at his feet one of the greatest opportunities for service and for ambition that has come in the history of America. The Republican party is plunged into chaos, without important leadership or effective control, without constructive policies at home or abroad, without power to direct itself or the Congress which nominally belongs to it. There is only one solid nucleus, one starting-point—Coolidge is in the President's chair, and holds the mighty power of that office.

This is no more than a starting-point, however. Mr. Coolidge is himself almost unknown, politically speaking; his opinions and abilities are little understood, his personality baffling. He has announced that he will continue in President Harding's path, but this means little. It may be only a gesture, and, no matter how sincerely he tries, it can be made only partly true, since he is a different

man. The single clear fact is that he does hold power, and the political world is asking itself and all its acquaintances whether he can do what Roosevelt did in the same situation, and if he can, whether he will.

The chaos in the midst of which he has his opportunity can hardly be overdrawn. It had been accepted that Mr. Harding must be renominated and that his Administration and his policies must form the background of the campaign. Other candidates had been more or less silenced, opposition and discord had been greatly restrained, by this decision.

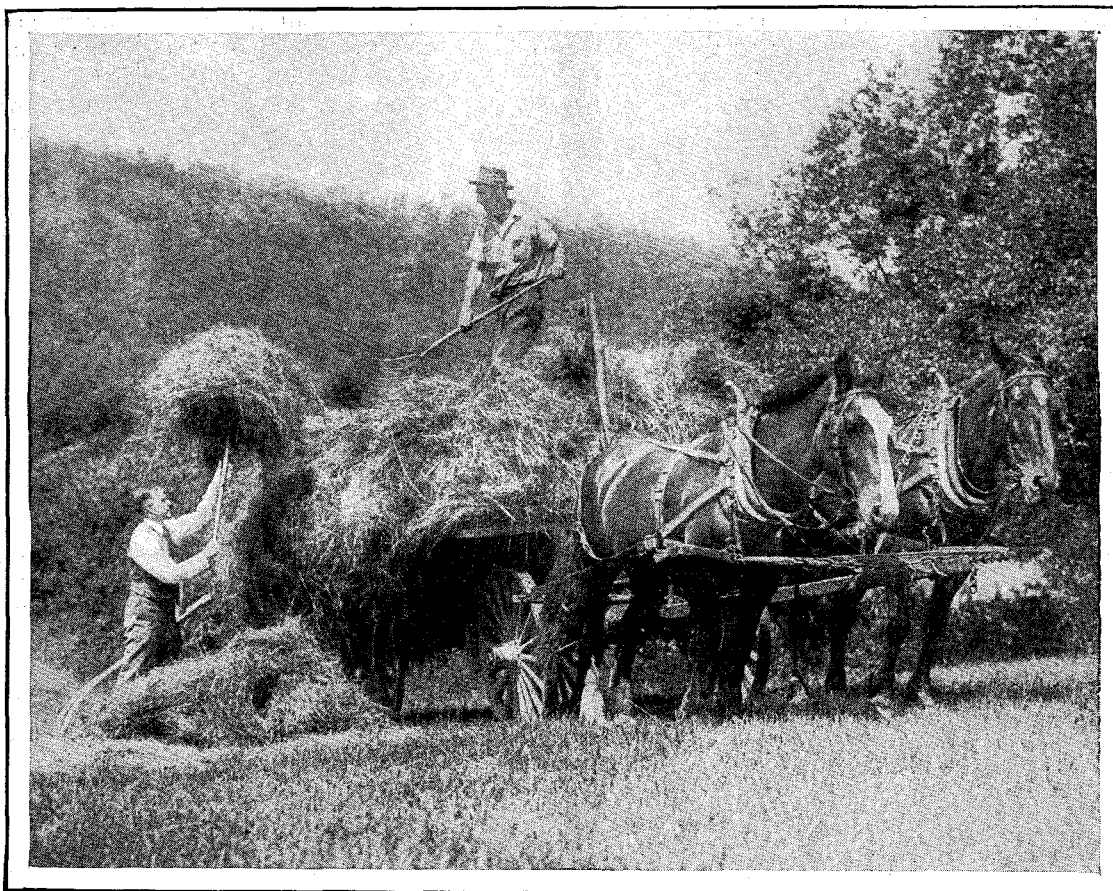
Now this is gone. The single unifying power in the party, aside from the desire for victory, died with President Harding. It is true that his leadership has been gentle, rather tenuous, and often disputed, but it was real. He had the prestige of a great popular vote, the tremendous political power of the Administration, and the influence of his winning personality to support the common-sense conclusion that the party could not hope for a new victory if it admitted any failure in its use of the last one.

He left no heir, however, but bequeathed all of his problems and practically none of his power to his successor. The political weight of the Administration belonged to him alone, and, while it will carry on the actual business of government as well for the new President, he cannot use it in the political arena without an extensive

overhaul. It is an almost useless weapon for him.

The party's compulsion to carry on the Harding policies is of hardly more value, though the fact that Mr. Coolidge sat in the Cabinet helps him here. But many policies were incomplete and must be rounded out before being put into action, none had full acceptance, and now even the restraints which hampered their opponents have been torn away. Mr. Coolidge had no particular share in forming them, no share at all in supporting them, and so has no peculiar right to interpret, complete, and enforce them. Every politician is free to take his own course and claim so much backing from the dead President as he thinks he needs and can get his constituents to believe in.

There are plenty who will try this. Every clique and faction in the party is already planning its individual campaign. No one of them commands anything like a majority of the party or has any means except sweet reasonableness or shrewd dicker to extend its power. It is impossible to name them all, but among them stand out the farm bloc—already divided between West and Northwest side; the Old Guard leaders like Lodge and Watson, each without power outside his own State and each disagreeing with the others on many points; and the group headed by Chairman Adams of the National Committee. Behind them are the vast herd of political sheep, ready to follow any one or any-



(C) Keystone

CALVIN COOLIDGE (TO THE LEFT) AT WORK ON THE COOLIDGE FARM AT PLYMOUTH, VERMONT

thing offering reasonable promise to provide daily manna.

Nothing could better illustrate this chaos than the prospects for the coming session of Congress. In both houses there is a fair majority of men elected on the Republican ticket, but in each there are factions likely to jump party lines at any moment, and now there is nothing to hold them.

It is not that the differences of opinion are greater than usual, but that the party power has vanished. In normal times members obey the party leaders for self-preservation. To be read out of the party means sure and swift defeat. The party machinery, working out definite policies which it believes will meet enough public demand to win the next election, tells the members what to do. All is orderly, if not always well.

To-day there is no control of party machinery in a National sense; the men who are trying for control cannot agree what the public wants, and much less what policy will win support. Individual members are debating whether to try to save the ship or swim for themselves, and discipline is utterly dead. So there is no fixed policy to follow, and no means of making any one follow it if it should be achieved.

It is this very confusion which makes the opportunity the greatest in a generation, for not only is the work

waiting, but the man who can solve problems and gather any tangible strength will have no effective opposition to overcome. He can beat down the little cliques one at a time, and consolidate a power beyond challenge.

It should be noted that for such a success he must go behind the politicians and win the country. Not often even in America does the popular voice control, but it is the only source of genuine power to-day. The last man who really used it was Roosevelt, though in different conditions. He called upon it to defeat a well-intrenched and powerful machine; to-day's leader will need it only to force into line weak and vacillating groups.

Temporary leadership, it is true, may be won by wheedling or buying or driving together enough of the discordant groups to give a working majority in Congress and in the National Convention. But such a coalition, without popular support, would break quickly. The first accident that weakened its cohesion, the first shift in public clamor, would destroy it. It could only be the veriest opportunism; a little better than nothing, but very little better.

The country has been watching for a leader, but no man active in recent politics has given promise of success in either of these ways. Mr. Coolidge, however, has not been active in recent

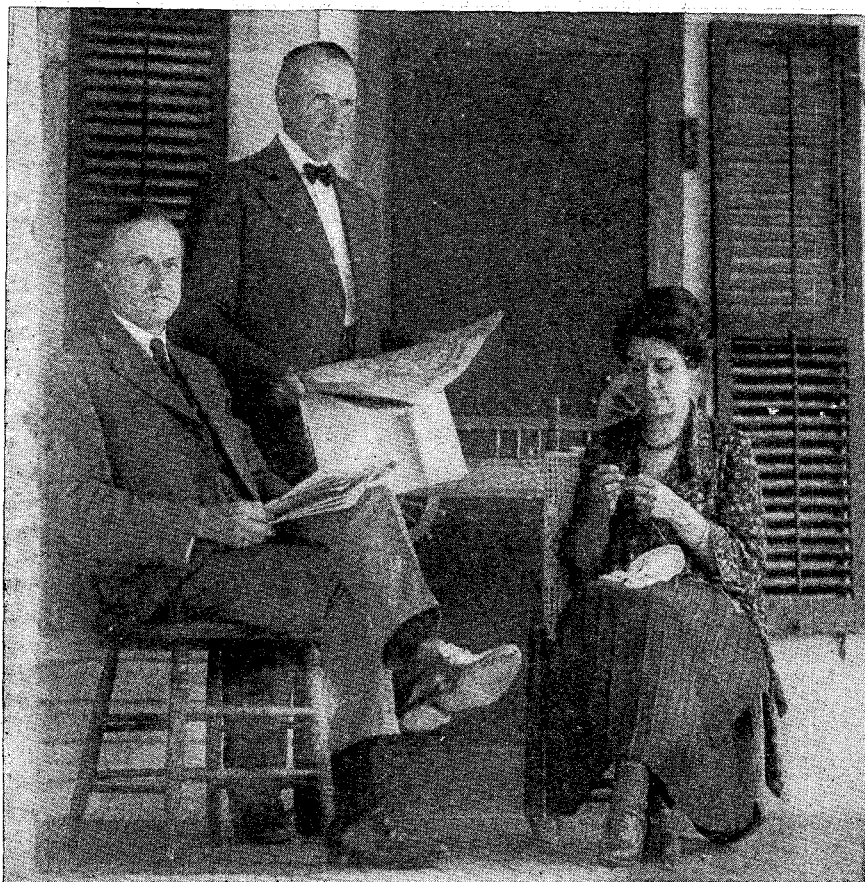
politics. Now, suddenly, he is the center.

The professional politicians hardly consider the possibility that he might win the greatness of popular leadership. But they are calculating carefully whether Coolidge can weld an organization that might win for a time.

The first great obstacle to his doing even this much is that the politicians have already decided that he cannot. Therefore he will not have their help, if they can avoid it. Their reasoning is simple. He was one of the least of them until elected Vice-President, and has been less than the least during his suppression into that office. He has no personal following.

He is not personally feared, either. Even in office the politicians believe that he is not dangerous. They figure that he is surrounded by Harding men and tied to Harding policies. The former owe him no personal loyalty; the latter will hinder him from establishing power in his own right. And they believe he has not time to break loose. There are only seven months before the primaries begin, and he must win by then, if ever. Most men think he will not even try, but whether he does or not, he is already being counted out.

As to his becoming a popular leader, politicians to whom I made the suggestion laugh. For years able men



(C) Keystone

CALVIN COOLIDGE (SEATED), WITH HIS WIFE AND FATHER, ON THE PORCH OF HIS HOME IN PLYMOUTH, VERMONT

A PORTRAIT OF A SON BY A FATHER

THE following word picture of President Coolidge by his father, reported in a special despatch to the New York "Tribune" from the Coolidge farm at Plymouth, Vermont, does credit to both portraitist and subject:

I think he'll do fairly well. He did fairly well as Governor, and I guess he'll do fairly well as President.

I don't think of my son as President of the United States. I think of him just as a good and honest boy who will do his best with any job given him. He always has been that way, and I guess he always will be. And I don't think so much about the honor of it. Folks ask me about that, and I tell them that the country wanted my son for this work, and that he will do his best for them all.

And why should I? Some people seem to think I should be all agog. When Calvin became Governor, they thought the same. Somehow or other, great offices don't appeal to me like that. As long as my son has a worthy job and does his best I'm satisfied.

I could not say Calvin was an extraordinary boy. I had no premonitions of any greatness. He was quiet. He did what I told him, and he did it well. I never thought him superior to other boys. He would go straight home from school and help at the house. He was a great hand on the farm. He carried wood and did what

he was told. He did his lessons and read a little after that.

But he never surprised us with any precocity. I suppose he was just like any other boy. I never made any rules for him to follow. I don't believe in rules. If there are rules, it gives a boy a chance to break them. I told Calvin always to do his job well. And he always did. That's what my father taught me and that's what his father taught him.

At one time I had hoped Calvin might take up my work here and hold the Coolidge homestead, but that was very long ago. I never asked him to, but he must have known what was in my mind, for when he was a student he came to me and said, "Father, do you want me to take your place here?"

I said to him: "Do what you think is best." He did, and I think his judgment was best. I don't think Calvin really knew what play was. He didn't seem to have much time for fooling. When his day's work was over and his studies done, he was pretty much ready for bed. I doubt if he would have played much if he had the time. It isn't his way.

have been trying in vain for that. The political mind believes that such a leader cannot rise till the people have decided whether they want to be led. Moreover, they point out that no Vice-President except Roosevelt has been able to keep the power to which he succeeded, and Roosevelt was, in political opinion, a highly adjectived freak.

All this does not change the fact that the opportunity is there if the new President can use it. The problems are waiting to be solved, the people waiting to be led. He is known to be brave, logical, humorous, a skilled politician with deep convictions and some insight. He has the popular prestige of sudden elevation—"a child of destiny." His time is certainly short, but within the allotted seven months he can deal with the coal strike, the farmers' complaint, the dissatisfaction of the veterans, and the railway muddle, to say nothing of foreign problems. Any of these might make him a popular idol.

I asked one seasoned politician whether the right man might not, out of these materials, build power.

"Certainly, if he were Lincoln or Roosevelt," he answered. "But this is only Coolidge."

"Do you know much about his abilities?" I asked.

"Well, no. But he doesn't look it," he laughed.

"Did Lincoln?" I insisted, but he only laughed again.

He may be right. If so, then for a year there will be political pandemonium, a Congress almost certainly unable to pass anything beyond the supply bills and the bonus, a free-for-all in the Presidential race. At the moment Hiram Johnson is considered to be a little ahead of others in this race, because his cultivation of the East in the last three years has made him more acceptable to the Old Guard, while he is still believed radical enough to hold the West. But the general tactics will be to fill the field with favorite sons. Thus every question will remain unsettled till the political corporals and sergeants, who are the only officers left to the Republican forces, can gather in locked rooms and tinker up some kind of a midnight policy and pick some nominal commander.

The Democrats of course are in no better plight; probably worse, since they have not even the chance of unity that might be worked out from the vantage-ground of political control.

And if Coolidge does not lead, then during all this time of purposeless turmoil and excited stagnation any real leader who may care to offer himself can have almost anything for the asking.

Washington, August 6, 1923.

WHY I HAVE LOST FAITH IN CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE WARDEN OF SING SING

BY M. B. LEVICK

OF the hundred men legally executed in America in an average year, one in seven pays the penalty in a single prison whose warden is opposed to capital punishment. He is opposed, not abstractly and not faint-heartedly, but vitally; there is scarcely a day that the mail bag from Sing Sing does not carry fifteen or twenty letters from Major Lewis E. Lawes to other prison officials and judges and attorneys-general in all parts of the country, asking and exchanging data and opinions. What Warden Lawes finds in this first-hand study, as well as what he has found in the books on the history of punishment and also in the pursuit of his duties, strengthens him in his opposition.

"Capital punishment," says this official who has participated in eighty-five executions, "absolutely is not a deterrent. My own experience makes it impossible for me to do anything but agree with those special students of the question who, after investigating the results in fifteen countries, have come independently to this conclusion: 'There is no measurable relation between the existence and non-existence of capital punishment and the homicidal rate.'"

Warden Lawes cites statistics by volume and page to prove it. He has data of his own, compiled to submit to the American Prison Association at its convention in Boston, September 13. In this Warden Lawes is acting as an individual; the fact that he is President of the Association is incidental. As President, however, he has worked closely with a committee appointed to seek the co-operation of the Federal Census Bureau and others in the compilation of more accurate and more extensive data on criminal matters.

This warden of the most widely known prison in America is no theoretician. He is not an outsider come into prison work with foregone conclusions on aim and method. For twenty years he has been in practical prison administrative work in New York State: at Elmira Reformatory, Randalls Island, New Hampton Farms, at Auburn and Clinton Prisons. When he was appointed warden of Sing Sing, at the age of thirty-seven, he was the youngest man ever given the post. That was in January, 1920. The average tenure of Sing Sing's wardens has been ten months and twenty-nine days.

"I didn't believe in capital punishment then," he says, "and now I believe in it less than ever."

Major Lawes is not of a type to judge emotionally, least of all, in a professional matter of this sort. "I'm not softly sentimental about it," he says himself. He is a big man physically; his movements are deliberate, his speech slow, and he has a jaw that can stay put. Since his youth he has been dealing with problems which he summarizes thus in one of his annual reports: "Crime is a social disease with roots deeper than such as could be cured or prevented by punishment." In the general work of the prison and its shops his principle is reclamation. He wants to make men over, when they can be made over. There are cases on record in which men once held in the death cell have been granted life and in the course of years have re-established themselves.

Despite his personal opinion, Major Lawes is in charge of the prison which has probably more executions than any other in the country. Fifteen to eighteen a year is the average. Sometimes there are three in a single day. Two women have been electrocuted there; a third was recently sentenced. The condemned of all New York State are brought to Sing Sing's death house.

"It's the hardest part of my duties," the warden admits. "There has never been an execution that I didn't hope to the last for a reprieve and a commutation."

The question comes pretty close to his heart; this he confesses in words, and it is apparent in his manner when he points out the new death house or, at the prison power house, the locked cabinet which holds the switches controlling the death chair current. An execution is set for the morrow. In his office and in the yard Major Lawes reverts to it as he meets this subordinate and that. "This man will die of fright," he says. He asks for reports. "Maybe a reprieve will come, after all." As he discusses prison work with his visitor the shadow of the death house clouds his eye. Then an attendant enters with a paper. It has come: the day of death is postponed. The warden's expression lightens. The man in the death cell will be more demonstrative, perhaps; it is doubtful if he will be more genuinely relieved than the warden.

Ask Major Lawes what it was that brought him to his present attitude, and he can put his finger on no single incident.

"It was not one thing," he says, "but all together. At first I accepted

capital punishment. I gave it no particular thought, one way or the other. There it was; I assumed it was necessary, and so was in favor of it. Look at the matter without questioning, and you are apt to take it for granted there is no other protection; the argument that death as a possible penalty keeps men from committing crimes is there, ready for you to pick up. Then I began to question."

"And came to your present view?"

"Not as easily as that. I fought against it. In the beginning I merely wondered. There were opponents of capital punishment. 'If they should be right?' I said. And I asked myself what my own motives were, in beginning to doubt. Was I being guided by the heart instead of the head? The old belief pulled hard. At last I began to look into the question and study it. I looked up the books that had been written and got hold of statistics. And I found that the death penalty is not, and never has been, a deterrent. What doubt there may be as to results is in favor of the places which have abolished capital punishment."

The alternative?

The warden turns to a file of data.

"These executions, about a hundred a year in the United States, are no more deterrent than imprisonment for life. Perhaps less. The immediate prospect of death itself does not always control men? There are many men who do not fear death; often we have to watch prisoners carefully to keep them from committing suicide."

"Look at these figures. They show the homicide rates per 100,000 population in the nine North Atlantic States for fifteen years, from 1906 to 1920 inclusive. Here are seven States which retain capital punishment: Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. Their combined average homicide rate for those years is a trifle more than 3.4. Now look at the combined rate for the two States which have abolished the death penalty, Maine and Rhode Island. Their average for the same years is less than 2.5. New Hampshire and Connecticut have low homicide rates, although they retain capital punishment. Their combined average for this same period is a little more than 2.5—higher again than the States which have no death penalty. These are not figures for an experimental period. Maine did away with capital punishment in 1887 (really, first in 1876, but it was re-established from 1882 to 1887), while Rhode Island

was America's second abolition State, in 1852.

"Michigan did away with hanging in 1847 and Minnesota in 1911. Their combined homicide rate for 1914-21 is 3.8. Ohio and Indiana, comparable States which retain capital punishment, have a combined rate of 6.3 for the same period. Where is your deterrent influence there?"

The homicide rate rises as one goes westward. Major Lawes turns to Pacific coast figures.

"Washington," he says, "abolished capital punishment in 1913 and restored it in 1919. Yet look at the figures for that State for the years 1914-21, inclusive, which cover the abolition period. The average is not quite 6.6, while for the same period the combined average of Montana, Colorado, Utah, and California, which all have the death penalty, is 9.7.

"Here are eight Eastern and Middle Western States taken at large. They have capital punishment. Look at their combined average rates for five-year periods beginning in 1906. They run 3.2, 3.8, 3.8. Compare those with the averages for the same periods of five abolition States: 2.4, 2.9, 2.7.

"Does that look as if men stop to think of the penalty before they kill?"

"The cities tell the same story. Here are six cities in abolition States. Their aggregate population is 2,632,040; each of them has more than 100,000 inhabitants. In 1922 they had altogether 156 homicides, or an average rate of 5.9. Those are the figures for all the cities of 100,000 population in those States, except Kansas City. Now put them side by side with the statistics for 68 cities in capital punishment States. These cities have an aggregate population of 25,047,398—all 100,000 or more—and their 1922 combined homicide rate is 8.6. That is more than the highest rate for any of the cities in one abolition State."

Major Lawes puts the tables aside.

"Statistics don't tell the whole story," he says. "There was one man who went through all the preparations for the chair. His hair was trimmed; he put on the black suit; the trousers leg was slit open. An hour before the time set he was commuted. He is free to-day; it was proved that he had been convicted on perjured testimony. But he will never recover from the effects of that ordeal. It left him a broken man; even to-day his voice shows the partial paralysis of his vocal cords."

The case illustrates one sort of legal mistake. A hue and cry over a crime wave may be another sort of error. New York had an example a year or two ago. The public's impression was that crime had increased manyfold, and punishment accordingly. Yet Warden Lawes tabulated the figures and found that in the year ending in



Paul Thompson

WARDEN LAWES

June, 1922—the period in question—the arrivals at Sing Sing showed an increase of only six per cent for crimes of violence. Including the cases of men who had been out on bail when the demand for severity was raised, the prison received only fifteen per cent more men than in the previous year.

Agitation over crime waves is held largely responsible for the restoration of capital punishment in several States in the war and post-war periods. These States, with their dates of abolition and restoration, are: Washington, 1913-19; Oregon, 1914-20; Tennessee, 1915-17; Arizona, 1916-18; Missouri, 1917-19.

Oregon's homicide rate in 1921 was 7.7, against 4.1 the year before, when there was no death penalty. In the years 1915-19 Oregon's penitentiaries received 36 murderers, as against 59 for the period 1910-14. Washington's 1914-21 rate of 6.6, as compared with 9.7 for neighboring States, has already been cited. Missouri's rate from 1911 to 1917, inclusive, was under 9.7 (it was highest, 12.3, in the year of abolition, 1917), while that

State's rate for 1918-21, inclusive, was a little over 9.4.

There are years in which the country has more lynchings than executions, but to-day eight States have no death penalty.

"The theory of punishment," says Major Lawes, "is that it is used for deterrence, retribution, and reformation. The last is eliminated when you talk of capital punishment. The idea of retribution is fading out; the modern trend is toward reclamation.

"As for deterrence, if legal executions are supposed to be object-lessons, why are they made as humane as possible, for instance, by the use of electricity? Why is the public excluded?"

One thinks of the era of the British hanging judges.

"Public hangings were not deterrent," the warden continued. "In the old days in England one chaplain reported that of 167 persons condemned to death, 164 had witnessed public hangings.

"Under Henry VIII there are said to have been 72,000 executions. In 1780 England had 240 capital offenses. As late as 1814 there were 6,390 committals in England and Wales; then in three years the number doubled—it was 13,932 in 1817. It was then a hanging offense for a gypsy to remain in the Kingdom a month. Deer poaching, illegal fishing, cutting down growing trees, sending threatening letters, or injuring Westminster Bridge—these all carried the death penalty. Severity was resorted to more and more to check crime. George III added more capital offenses than the 57 which had been established by the Tudors, the Stuarts, and the Plantagenets. But it is estimated that in the first thirty years of the nineteenth century crime increased four hundred per cent in England and Wales and five hundred per cent in Ireland."

The executions, in fact, grew so numerous that a reaction set in. In 1828 the Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment was organized in England, with the Duke of Sussex as President. Forgery was the first capital offense to go, and by 1861 only treason and murder were left. With a population forty per cent larger, England then had the same number of murders as in 1831.

In the ninety-five years since the British opponents of hanging organized there have been changes in America too. Although in the 1740's Negroes were burned alive by court order in New York and New Jersey; in 1835 New York abolished public executions. In other States, however, they persisted as late as 1906. Ohio restricted the death penalty to murder in 1788, but not till 1892 was the Federal civil code altered to limit capital punishment to three offenses;

before that there were seventeen, while the naval code had as many and the military code had twenty-five. In 1892 there were still States which had ten capital offenses, almost as many as the number commonly found in the New England colonies in the seventeenth century. Even to-day there are States which provide the death penalty for burglary, robbery, and arson.

Hanging did not deter the English poacher of a century ago, to judge by

the 13,932 committals of 1817, and Major Lawes finds an analogy in present conditions.

"Most murderers," he says, "are not criminals. Of 124 men received at Sing Sing under sentence of death, 92 had never before been convicted of any crime; the percentage of previous offenders was only 25.81. It is not uncommon that murderers are found to be the most trustworthy prisoners.

"In the majority of cases the murderer does not consider the penalty at

all. If he asks himself anything, it is simply whether he has a chance to escape, or, if not, if he can beat the case. For nine States with the death penalty the average ratio of executions to homicides for 1911-15 was two per cent.

"Every day the newspapers tell of men who shoot on the most trivial provocation. Poor marksmanship is a far bigger factor than the death penalty in keeping the murder rate as low as it is."

"FREE TOURIST CAMP, ONE MILE"

BY CHARLES MOREAU HARGER

SCENE: a filling station on any Western trail or highway; time: late afternoon; *dramatis personæ*: weary groups of motorists, men coatless and brown of face, women in khaki knickers and blouses, children tired and cross, car loaded on both sides with huge canvas-wrapped bundles, folding chairs, rope, shovel, extra tires, poles, hampers, and inside with suit-cases, baskets, loose wraps.

Driver of car: "Where's your camp?"

That is all. Not, "Have you a camp?" but, "Where is it?" The tourist has come to expect a place set apart for him, a night stop with whatever conveniences the town can afford. For fear some other town will reap benefit from trade, every town sets forth as attractive a temptation as possible and advertises up and down the highway or "trail" with huge signs, promising pure water, kitchens, shower-baths, and shade.

The fact is, that as roads are improved, markings of long highway lines are perfected, and motor cars increase, the automobile tourist has become a town problem. In the beginning of long-distance travel and motor camping trips tourists rested by the wayside where night found them. But some energetic commercial club evolved the idea that it would prepare an attractive camp-ground, and the visitors while in the town would spend some money for supplies, thus increasing trade. Other towns quickly imitated this plan, and now free camp-grounds are not more than a dozen miles apart on any of the main traveled routes in the Western States, and with two to three hundred cars traveling in each direction daily are all occupied. Naturally those that are a convenient day's run—150 to 250 miles in the plains country—from a central city, like Indianapolis, Kansas City, or Denver, get most visitors, but enough breakdowns occur to compel every tourist to stop at unexpected places.

Maintenance of a camp costs money. In the race for supremacy shower-baths, rest-rooms, brick or stone fire-places, are built, the grounds are policed and lighted—all at the town's expense. The tourist is a cash customer. It is supposed that he will spend money where he camps—and usually he does. One Western town last year kept records, and found that its grounds sheltered an average of ninety cars a night, with an average of three persons each, a total of about 25,000 visitors during the summer. If they spent even four dollars each in the town, it meant a cash trade of about \$100,000.

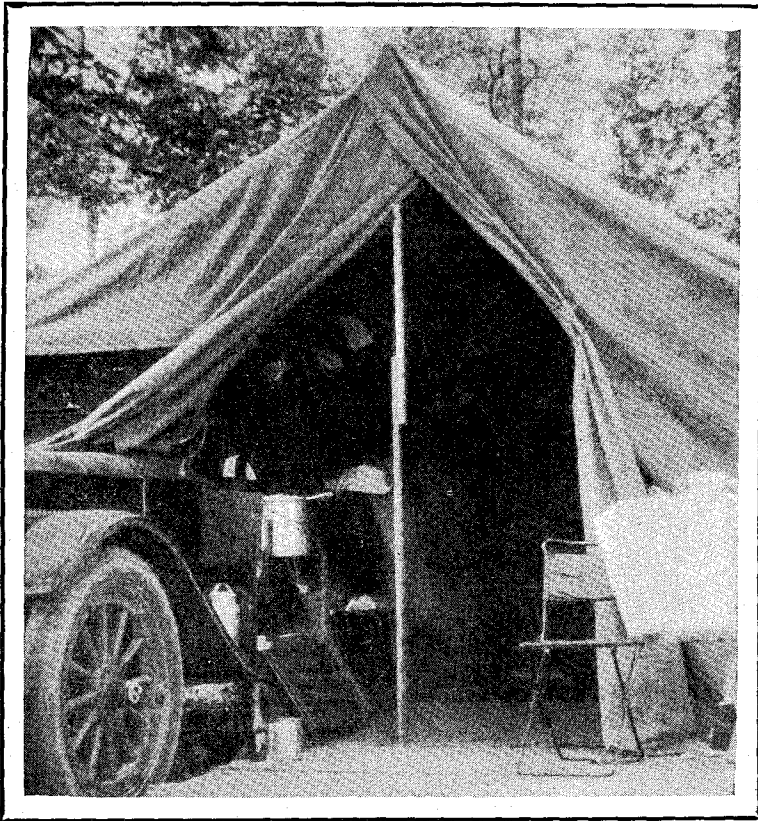
But with so many camping-places and with filling stations and lunch-rooms scattered thick along the road, it is considerable of a guess just what good is done from the trade thus secured. So towns are trying to evolve systems for paying the way of the camps. Concrete washing floors for cars and swimming-pools at which a charge is made prove most profitable; municipal stores that furnish eatables, drinkables, and repairs for the commoner makes of cars are one way out. Many towns have raised the question of the advantage, after all, of the tourist camp. Whatever the accommodations, it is sure to be compared with the one in Iowa or in Missouri that was "so much better and where we were treated right." After all, does the town owe the tourist who travels in a motor car more than it owes the one who travels in by railway? Apparently it does, and it is expected to furnish its best hospitality.

There are tourists and tourists. If all were of the fine type that has its equipment well arranged, a family out for a vacation, bright-faced boys and bobbed-haired girls, pitching a clean and efficient auto-tent, cleaning up the ground when leaving, and altogether showing some appreciation of the good will of the town, it would be a pleasure to serve them.

But along comes a group, slovenly, careless, impudent, reckless. When it leaves in the morning, the camp site is a mess of discarded food, tin cans, papers, a disgrace to the recent tenants. Somebody must clean it up—and somebody else must clean up the next morning, and the next, as the tourists wend their shiftless way across the continent.

In addition is the health menace. Typhoid and filth-borne diseases may come into camp, and somebody must prevent that. Many a car carries a collection of humanity that seems to have said farewell to all rules of cleanliness, and its occupants leave on the camp their dangerous record. The University of Iowa has published a bulletin on the tourist camps of that State, with advice on how to regulate them for health and propriety. The State Board of Health of Kansas has adopted rules that apply to tourist camps in every town of the State; towns are required to enforce them and insure sanitation, not alone for protection to the motoring public, but to the people of the States through which the travelers pass. It is the first commonwealth to establish such health supervision. Over 140 camps are listed in that State alone.

Along with the legitimate motorist has arrived the tourist tramp. Provident associations in the larger cities frankly confess their inability to deal with him. "It seems," said the secretary of one welfare association, "that men sell everything they have and buy a second-hand car, load in the family, and start out, wandering over the country, depending on the charity of the people in the towns—with occasionally working on the sympathies of some farmer's wife. We have many applications for aid to buy gasoline to get to the next town—and this after the parties have overstayed their welcome in the camp. We contributed to get rid of them, but the number is increasing. The men will not work, and the families are dragged on an endless



"PITCHING A CLEAN AND EFFICIENT AUTO-TENT"

journey that extends from the Canadian border in summer to the Gulf in winter—always, like the Wandering Jew, pushing on without hope of permanence. One such family stayed three weeks in a country town campground this summer. It was near a picnic ground, and the children looked so wistfully at the picnic suppers that they went back to the dilapidated flivver loaded with the remains of the meal. Finally, after several warnings, the police escorted the car to the gate and sent it rattling on its way. Another car fitted up with a repair kit stayed so long in camp, while its owner made money fixing up cars out of condition, that the garage owners of town protested—and he moved on to the next camp."

Why do families with none of this world's goods except what their rickety car contains load up in Ohio and go wandering off to Dakota or Texas, later to show up in California or Montana? The scene of their *Wanderlust* is not in the East, where the free camp has not become common and where cities do not look with favor on their presence. They seek the "wide open spaces," where friendliness along the way will not forsake them, and seem to know that they will be able to live and travel in some manner. But the towns are becoming weary of the visitation, and are wondering how to prevent the growing numbers of motor tramps who have become a real problem. It is not that they are vicious—though there are some instances of their predatory activities in camps—but they must be

supported somehow and sent forward in some way, or they will remain on the town site and on the town indefinitely. Their presence is one of the reasons for occasional reluctance to maintain a free camp, the community hoping that by its absence the tramp tourist will pass on, to be supported by some other city.

The undesirables are the exception. Mostly the attendants of the nightly conclaves in the fair grounds or along the creek are every-day folks. They are families from towns, the fathers in the professional classes, or laborers, or farmers, or merchants. It costs more than many families can afford to eat only at cafés and spend each night at a hotel with a room and bath—a joyful relief from the two hundred miles of dust and jolts. Camp life, with a hotel once a week to "clean up," saves more than half the expense. Then many delight in the open, and certainly a tent out on a bit of grass is far more comfortable than most of the cheap hotels that swelter in the little towns through the prairies' cloudless summers.

So the four girls from Rhode Island bound for California—perhaps for Hollywood—the grizzled veteran from Tennessee, the farmer from Illinois, the physician from New Mexico, the attorney from Kansas, and the commercial traveler from Montana spend cheery hours in the long evenings as, met by chance, they talk over their experiences.

"How is the road east?" "Fine, except when you leave the paving"—there are beginning to be stretches of

paving in the prairie States—"you must turn north and avoid a broken bridge." "Have they a good camp at Jimtown?" "Just fair—it lacks shower-baths; I'd go on to Plankville." And so on and so on, the roads being the most important topic. Detours, cut-offs, dangers, together with experiences, near accidents, and threatened hold-ups by road bandits thrill the listeners. Maybe you find a tourist who has motored in every State in the Union and been on his way for two or three years—not a tramp, but seeking health, and finding it. Occasionally there is sickness, calling for all the sympathies of the camp and binding the whole fortuitous group into nearer relations.

The rapid building of paved roads—within the last two years one can drive from central Kansas to New York on concrete and brick highways—increases the number of tourists. Now there are days when storms make going impossible, when motor cars must be pulled out of the mud by enterprising farmers at \$5 to \$10 per pull, when it is out of the question west of the Mississippi to make a certain schedule because of unexpected rains. But with hard roads all that will pass; even the thrill of uncertainty will be gone. Touring will be as commonplace as riding on the railway—so many hours, so many miles, a schedule and a definite itinerary. I spent what seemed like three weeks between Thursday and Monday in a little Iowa town last summer waiting for the roads to dry. The tourist is not a good waiter—he wants to be on his way, to get somewhere as soon as possible. Whether it be crawling up the passes of the Rockies or skimming over the level lands, tourist cars are becoming so common that small towns rather prefer that main roads should not include their main street, especially if it be not paved—the procession seems so endless.

The country has twelve million motor cars, and seems likely to have many more. Tourists are increasing each season, and their demand for accommodations are every summer more particular. Towns that are trying to attract them must do more and more. It seems likely that we shall have in the end some well-defined system to succeed the irregularity of to-day. Perhaps there will be an agreement to make a small charge per car for the accommodations furnished. Certainly it seems only fair; but it will take a united front of all a State's cities and towns to put it in effect. To-day there is keen rivalry for the visitors on wheels, with earnest effort to solve the problems their coming brings. The tourist camp is about the freest and most generous thing in the average town, and yet it is for entire strangers—a curious anomaly.

ON THE SLOPES OF ETNA

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM SICILY BY ROGER SHERMAN LOOMIS

A BLACK powder is over everything—on the window sill, on the table, on the paper on which I write, looking out over the turquoise and purple Mediterranean, here at Taormina, Sicily, twenty miles as the crow flies from the summit of Etna.

Not many hours ago this volcanic dust was molten rock in the fathomless furnace of Etna. Shot into the air and shattered into trillions of incandescent cinders, it has gradually filtered down over the sea, the vineyards, the lemon and almond groves, the winding roads, and the hill-top towns—wherever the wind has carried it. And in the still, clear air brown smoke curls upward from the cratered summit, while clouds of white steam trail across the sky.

Then, leaving Taormina, we hurry on to the helpless little village of Linguaglossa, at the foot of the volcano. The words "Mussolini" and "*il Re*" (the King) cropped up in the conversation of the passengers *en route* to the scene of the disaster. When had these two august personages left Rome? When would they arrive at Etna? Were they on the very train with us, or on a special? According to the papers, the King was also hurrying southward at this same

time, just three days after the eruption. When we at last arrived at Linguaglossa, we learned that the King and Mussolini had forestalled us. They had come and gone. Mussolini had stayed four hours at Linguaglossa, glared at the volcano, at the flow of lava, found it impervious to the message of Fascism, and departed.

The folk of the threatened town, however, were not worried when Mussolini turned his back. The Fascist dream of imperial Rome again mistress of the Mediterranean world has little charm for the Sicilians, who are more Greek and Saracen than Roman. And Linguaglossa has always preferred, wisely or not, the protection of her patron saint to that of politicians.

Hardly had we reached the town when we looked up a side-street and saw the golden image of St. Egidio himself glittering in the late afternoon sun. Swaying, he came toward us, high above the crowd who surrounded him. First in the procession came tottering old men, bareheaded, with gnarled hands; then, the old women with kerchiefs on their heads, silent and weary, crushed by the prospect of penniless, perhaps homeless, old age. Next came a few Franciscan monks, in brown habits, sandaled, and with heads bowed. There followed a

more cheerful group—young girls singing, the bishop of the district with miter and crozier, and about him a few clergy. Next, on many sturdy shoulders, came the life-size statue of St. Egidio, a crudely painted image of a bishop. About him were slung a dozen or more silver watches and a quantity of gold rings, bracelets, necklaces—all offered by terror-stricken peasants to buy the help of the saint against the implacable lava.

After the image streamed the crowd, singing. A great bell rang from the near-by church. Saint and people entered. An ecclesiastic of considerable girth and volubility began an exhortation. This cruel devastation was sent to punish them for sins: item, pride; item, dishonesty; item, treachery, and so forth. If they would repent in time and manifest their repentance in material form, probably the hand of God might be stayed. Then a clerical cheer-leader won a deep and solemn response from the crowd as he called out, "St. Egidio, forgive us! St. Egidio, save us!"

I had come to see the lava, and so left the village and set on up the road for a mile and a half. Sightseers on foot and in motors, soldiers, Fascisti, streamed along the road in both directions. Peddlers of lemonade, coffee,



VIEW FROM TAORMINA LOOKING ACROSS THE SEA TO ETNA

and spirits had set up their stands here and there to meet the demands of several kinds of thirst. Squarely blocking the road, about twenty feet high, the lava was massed like a great heap of slag, purplish black with a faint pink glow where the surface had crumbled down. Here, within a few feet of a group of now deserted houses, the flow had almost stopped. Gradually, inch by inch, the lava would lean against the frail structures, slowly crumble them, and pass on over the heap of plaster, shattered tile, and stone.

But below to the right the molten flood was alive and moving slowly but visibly. A lane between some farm-houses ended on the edge of a little hollow filled with vineyards and a wood of young chestnuts. A high bank, half liquid, half solid, stretched across the hollow.

Sitting or standing around were all varieties of sightseers: ladies in light summer frocks from smart hotels in Messina or Catania who had come up in their cars, peasants in fantastic garb from the neighboring villages, and young fellows of sixteen or seventeen who by their uniform of black shirt, black fez cap, and the revolvers at their belts showed that they belonged to Fascist "National Militia"

and would occasionally exercise a little authority and hold the crowd back at a dangerous point in the road. Young adventurers were out for souvenirs and exhibited the usual avidity and persistence of experienced souvenir-hunters. Cutting down one of the fated saplings, they would go close to the lava, and when a small red-hot lump about the size of one's fist fell out of the slowly advancing mass they would push it with a pole to a safe and cool distance. Then, taking a copper from their pockets, they would press it onto the red-hot surface, thus embedding it firmly before the lava cooled.

As night came on the spectacle took on an infernal grandeur. Far up on the black mountainside there was a path of rosy fire. The whole valley was a somberly glowing furnace.

It was quite impossible to find sleeping-places in Linguaglossa, for all available accommodations had long since been commandeered. So it fell to the lot of crowds of tourists to get what sleep they could on the mountainside, where the severe chill of the night was dispelled by the warmth of hot lava. Never before had the two small inns of Linguaglossa ever done such a week's business, though it might be the last for many years to

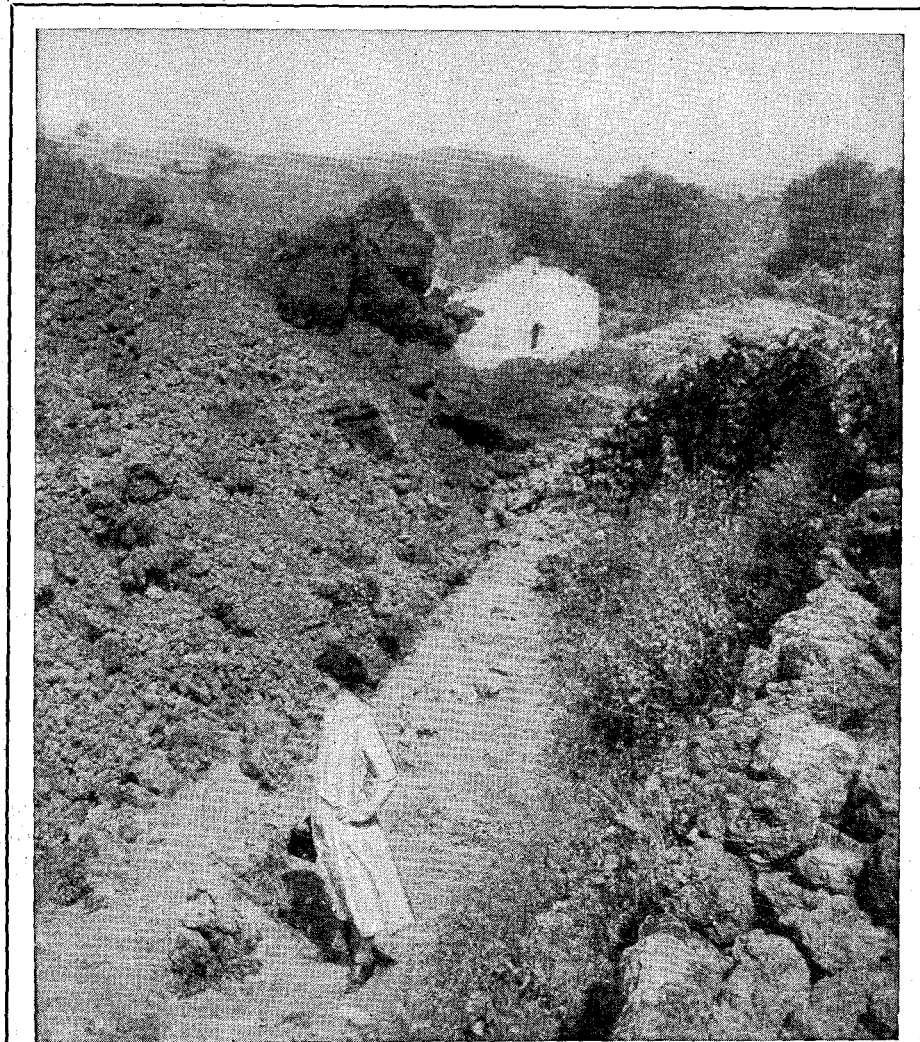
come. The cafés too were catering to an all-night trade, and the pallid, disheveled waiters who had been serving coffee and iced drinks for thirty-six hours doggedly worked on. They brought me two diminutive brandies; but these didn't seem to provide the requisite warmth, so I went back up the dark winding road to where Mother Earth was providing a demonstration of the Volcanic System of Rural Free Heating.

Among the sleeping forms I found a spot on a slope within five yards of a furnace-like mass, and dozed off. At intervals I awoke to see the dark surface slag crumbling off the sides of the mass, leaving a gash of glowing surface through which a streamlet of liquid lava dribbled. Soon another spot opened and the slag crumbled down in a mass of flame colors containing all the shades of red from fiery scarlet to deepest crimson. Somewhere a large boulder of almost solid lava crunched down. Once or twice came the far-off boom of a collapsing house. Then I dozed off to sleep, lulled by the perpetual sibilance like that of a huge furnace gradually settling.

With the first soft rays of dawn I hurried down the mountainside to Linguaglossa, feeling a trifle stiff, to be sure, but otherwise none the worse for the night's adventure.

Sicilian girls, beautiful in their erectness, were already going with their water-jars to the nearest fountain, and later balancing the heavy jars on their heads easily as they returned homeward, just as their Greek ancestors had done two thousand years and more ago. Calmly they went about their daily tasks, even though the next week they might be refugees in a neighboring village. Only one fact showed their preoccupation. A girl came blithely down the path, and as she came to a little figure of St. Egidio in the wayside niche she hesitated momentarily to throw a kiss to him, then went on smilingly. Another water girl was coming by the church; when she got to the door, she knelt gracefully, still balancing her water-jar on her head, and offered supplication.

An unkempt fellow slouched up to inquire if I wanted a carriage. He asked for thirty lire, but, seeing a possibility of losing business, took twenty. He cheerfully harnessed up his horse to his rickety cart, and as he drove me off down the mountain I wondered how those Sicilian girls could continue wending their way so securely and so imperturbably to the fountain and how the carriage drivers could continue their haggling so cheerfully while that creeping molten destruction hung over their heads and the fate of their beloved Linguaglossa still hung in the balance.



ACRES OF LAVA AFTER THE ERUPTION

THE FAT OF THE LAND

BY CHARLES W. HOLMAN



LOADING BEANS INTO CARS AT DAIREN, SOUTH MANCHURIA

FOR more than two years there has been active opposition between American farmers and American soap-makers. The scene of their struggle has shifted from the Capitol, where Congress has ceased its deliberations for a season, to the Old Land Office Building, where the United States Tariff Commission investigates. As the scene shifted the aspect of the contest changed from the political to the economic. The immediate issue to be decided is, What constitutes fair tariffs on vegetable oils and the raw materials from which these oils are extracted?

In the struggle before Congress the direct issue was free trade or protection on these oils; and the organized farmers, who had been taught the gospel of protection by the manufacturers, won a notable victory when they secured protective duties. The duties had an immediate effect in strengthening and stabilizing the vegetable-oil market.

But Congress made an opportunity for renewed conflict by inserting a flexible tariff provision into the permanent Tariff Act of 1922. This provision authorized the President of the United States to raise or lower tariff rates to the extent of fifty per cent of any existing rate, provided compara-

tive investigations reveal marked differences in the cost of producing commodities between ourselves and competing countries. In finding the facts

THIS ARTICLE TELLS WHY
FARMERS FEAR THE COM-
PETITION OF TROPICAL OILS AND
MANUFACTURERS THE COMPE-
TITION OF EUROPEAN MILLS.

the Tariff Commission acts as the agent of the President; it may investigate and report, but it cannot change the rates; the President alone can decide such troublesome questions. By the flexible tariff provision Congress left the door unlocked for the soap men to creep in.

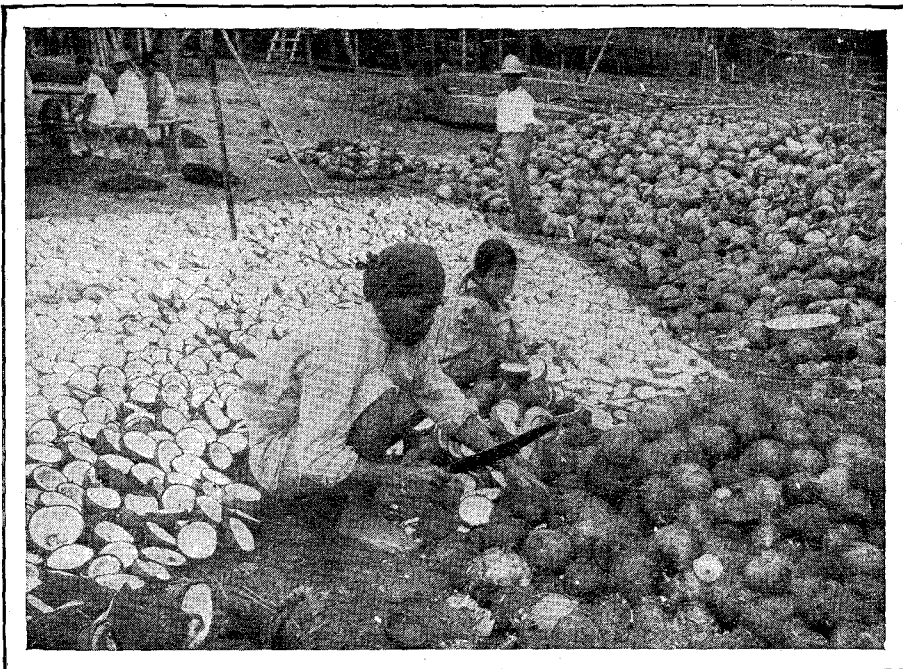
Now the door is open; the Commission has issued an order, over the protest of the farmers, for an investigation into the fairness of the rates on linseed oil. Already this order has upset the entire vegetable-oil trade, since it is assumed that the Commission will investigate one oil after another. The result is a nervous condition of the market.

The farmers claim that the buying

group are taking advantage of the situation to exert a speculative downward pressure on the entire group of oils and fats. This can be done, since the major vegetable oils are interchangeable in all important respects. They must be considered as a gigantic vegetable-oil reservoir. In 1920 over 10,000,000 pounds of vegetable-oil materials went into the international export trade. From animal and fish sources vast additional quantities of fats are taken.

The animal supply is relatively limited; the fish may swim away, but the vegetable-oil supply is in its infancy and has almost unlimited possibilities of development. As population increases the tropics will furnish greater proportions of the fat supply for technical industries, and to these regions manufacturers of all lands will be reaching to grasp their share of raw materials at lowest prices. Therefore the Orient, particularly the tropical belt of Asia and Africa, looms ominous to North American farmers.

It is easy to understand their fears when one realizes that, not only are the oils interchangeable among themselves, but most of them are equally interchangeable with fish and animal oils. The price of one fat thus inter-acts upon the prices of all other fats,



NATIVES OF LAGUNA PROVINCE, PHILIPPINES, OPENING COCOANUTS FOR DRYING, PREPARATORY TO MAKING COPRA

and whatever affects the price of an oil like linseed or cottonseed oil, will be reflected back eventually to the prices obtained by farmers for their cottonseed, peanut, flaxseed, corn, hogs, and milk.

The European nations have a definite, clean-cut programme. They do not produce a sufficient fat supply; they must import. It is to their interest also to import raw materials rather than oils, in order to give employment to labor and to furnish food supply for their cattle. Some oil they will always import, but only such quantities as necessity determines.

The problem of the United States is not so simple. In normal times we produce from 4,000,000,000 to 5,000,000,000 pounds of animal, fish, and vegetable fats and 1,500,000,000 pounds of fat in butter and cheese. But our manufacturers import about 300,000,000 pounds of fats, principally vegetable oils, which displace in various industries the home-produced fats and oils. This leaves us an exportable surplus of nearly 1,000,000,000 pounds. Our manufacturers want world domination of trade. Our consumers want a good supply of high-grade fats at reasonable prices. Our farmers want protection from these cheaper oils that press in from the tropics.

But it would seem that world domination by American traders is a futile dream. Such monopoly as we had during the war was due entirely to an artificial condition. The writer believes that it would be a sound National policy to encourage the production of a sufficient supply of home-grown fats and to prevent their displacement by importation of large quantities of oils and oil materials at

prices lower than our farmers can afford to grow them. It is very doubtful, for example, if the country would be better off by sending dairy cows to the slaughter because people might be buying a lower-grade fat in cocoanut oil, which does not have the growth-producing vitamins with which butter fat is so richly endowed.

Why is a policy of National self-sufficiency important? The world supply of fats is not evenly distributed, and when war falls upon nations the fat supply is generally exhausted before other foods. Part of it is shot away as high explosives. A national deficiency in butter fat, for example, is followed by a crop of children with defective bone structures, predispositioned to malignant eye diseases and tubercular troubles.

Aside from their food uses fats are utilized in the making of soaps, varnishes, leather beltings, harnesses, and explosives and lubricants for aircraft. The fats of animal origin are produced for export purposes principally by the United States, Australia, Siberia, Mongolia, Denmark, Holland, New Zealand, South Africa, and South America. The fats from carcasses have a tendency to decrease relatively to the increase of population because of the passing of frontier conditions favorable to range-cattle production. But the production of hog fat is capable of an expansion that is limited only by the quantity of corn or other feed that can be grown on farms and profitably fed to swine. Butter fat is the best fat for human consumption, and the possibility of additional production of it is very great, particularly in the United States, Canada, Argentina, Siberia, Australia, and New Zealand. The

Union of South Africa is also making considerable progress. But European nations cannot go much further in fat production without upsetting national cropping systems and depriving themselves of other products just as badly needed.

Fish oil is obtained principally from ocean-going fish. They cruise in great numbers along the Atlantic and Pacific seaboards of America. There is a school of menhaden fish off our North Atlantic seaboard estimated to be fifty miles wide by two hundred miles long. From this fish can be produced a fine oil which now rivals soya-bean oil in soap-making. Many other varieties of fish oil are used for various purposes, and enterprising whalers still bring in whale oil, which for years has been used to make margarine in Europe and is now seeping into the vats of some American margarine manufacturers. The oil is obtained by cooking the fish and afterward crushing them. The residue is used to make fertilizer. This industry has grown to considerable proportions in America and thrives in other parts of the world.

The vegetable oils are the newest source of fat to the Western world, and cottonseed oil is still the king of vegetable oils. About three-quarters of the world's supply of this oil is produced in this country, although only sixty per cent of the cottonseed is grown here. Our high proportional production is due to the use of modern seed-crushing machinery. In China, Egypt, India, and Russia more primitive oil presses are still in use, and these presses crush a much inferior oil. Until the development of cottonseed-crushing machinery in the nineties much of the American cottonseed crop went to waste. Farmers dumped the seed into ravines and creeks or left it at the cotton gins. They could feed only limited quantities to their cattle, as the oil in the seed caused digestive disturbances.

Cocoanut oil is obtained from copra, which is the dried meat of the cocoanut. It has an oil content averaging sixty-five per cent. The cocoanut palm flourishes throughout the tropical and semi-tropical lands and islands of the Pacific and Indian Oceans. About 400,000,000 cocoanut trees are already in bearing. These trees bear for over fifty years after maturing. Most of them are not cultivated, and the only labor needed is that of the unskilled natives, who gather the nuts, break the shells, scoop out the meat, and spread it on the ground to dry. After eight or ten days it is ready for shipping. It is then moved to ports, where it is loaded on vessels and sent to various parts of the world.

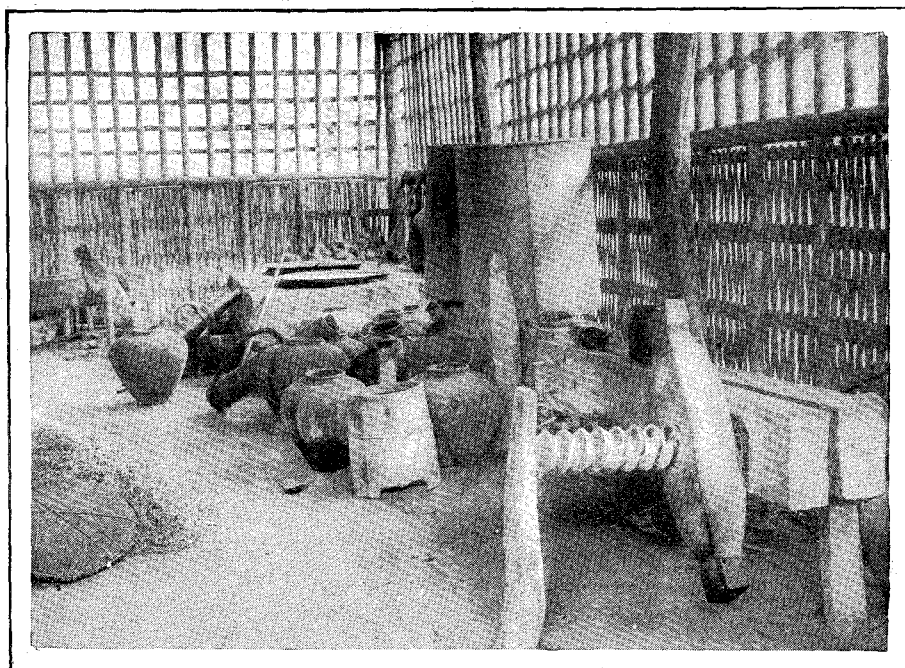
Palm-kernel oil is a great rival to cocoanut oil. It comes from the meat of the palm-kernel nut, and is ob-

tained from a tree whose habitat is Africa. Coconut oil and palm-kernel oil make the best imitation butter. The former was used in the manufacture of filled milk, which Congress recently prohibited in inter-State commerce; both go into soap and both appear on the table in various oil dressings. The residue of the copra after the oil has been extracted constitutes a high protein cattle feed which competes with cottonseed and soya-bean meals or cakes. The palm kernel and oil industry is now largely controlled by the British, with the French trying to get a look in. Prior to the war Germany had the business, but it passed to the British when the latter took Germany's African colonies. To cement their control the British have placed an export tariff on palm kernels equivalent to \$9.50 per ton when sent to countries other than to England and her colonies. England is strengthening her hold on copra and coconut oil in the South Seas. The Netherlands also have large possessions there. Japan has the Caroline Islands, which formerly belonged to Germany. The United States has in the Philippines a great source of supply for raw materials.

Soya-bean oil rivals cottonseed and linseed oil in many technical uses. It is also used to make lard and butter substitutes. The soya bean had its rise in China, where over one thousand varieties are grown, and about ninety per cent of the oil-producing varieties is grown by Manchurian farmers. Manchuria is a vast domain just opening to Chinese settlement. Its three provinces cover an area equal to Texas and Minnesota combined. It is large enough to support from 50,000,000 to 60,000,000 Chinese. Until recently this fertile territory was a forbidden land to the Chinese. It was held in large tracts for hunting purposes by the Manchu leading families from the time they conquered China until the fall of the Manchu dynasty a few years ago.

But with the advent of the Chinese Republic and the penetration of the country by Russian and Japanese railways the ban on immigration was lifted, and Chinese have been pouring into Manchuria by the millions.

The typical Manchurian farmer may live ten or two hundred and fifty miles off the railway. He farms on a fifty-fifty basis; he grows enough food and foodstuffs for the people and live stock on his land, and he plants soya beans as a money crop. He knows exactly what he is doing. While in the green field stage he generally contracts to sell his beans to the agent of a Japanese or European firm. He gathers his crop in late summer and hand-threshes it in late fall. When winter freezes have hardened the primitive roads, he is ready to trek



A PRIMITIVE OIL PRESS STILL USED IN THE PHILIPPINES. THIRTY PER CENT OF THE OIL IS LOST BY THIS METHOD

to market. He loads five 200-pound bags of beans on a two-wheel cart which has a wooden axle, and hitches five Monogolian ponies to the vehicle. Then he mounts the load, shouts, "Wuk-wuk!" to his ponies, and is off. Alongside runs a helper with a pot of bean oil to grease the wooden axle. In such fashion, whooping and whipping, noisy bean caravans throng the roads from the Manchurian hills to the river villages. They pay nothing for their lodging at wayside and village inns, since the manure furnished by their ponies amply compensates the innkeepers.

Fourteen years ago only nine thousand tons of Manchurian soya beans went abroad. Now the normal export of beans and oil, in terms of beans, is over 2,000,000 tons. The next two decades may see 10,000,000 tons produced in that region. The Japanese now have the upper hand among nations in controlling the soya-bean trade of Manchuria.

The peanut grows abundantly in our cotton-growing States on the sandy soils. It is a heaven-sent crop to the distressed Southern cotton farmers, who are battling with the cotton-boll weevil. The peanut is grown extensively in China and other parts of Asia and Africa. Flaxseed, from which we get linseed oil, is grown in large quantities in our near North-western States, and the oil is imported in larger quantities from Argentina and Russia. There are a host of smaller oils, such as those obtained from the castor bean, sunflower, hemp, rape, sesame, and perilla seeds. Most of them go into technical uses.

Prior to the World War it was apparent to all that American-produced

fats would have to battle hard to hold their own both in foreign and domestic consumption. Our cottonseed oil and hog lard, particularly, were feeling the pressure. The British, French, Belgian, Danish, Dutch, and especially German manufacturers were trying to displace the higher-priced American hog lard and cottonseed oil by the cheaper oils of the Orient. In this country fish oils joined the group of foreign competitors to trouble cottonseed oil. Likewise American-produced peanut and linseed oils felt the pressure.

The World War changed, temporarily, the aspect of world trade. The fat-producing possessions of Germany in Asia and Africa were quickly wrenched from her, and fat exhaustion became one of her greatest internal problems in waging the war.

Between 1914 and 1917 our trade in fats grew apace, and when we joined the Allies an agreement was reached with them by which the United States became the single buying agency for Oriental fats. In that period we became powerful and important in the fat trade; we bought ninety per cent of the soya-bean oil of the world. In that period our importers and refiners dreamed of world domination. Prices were good for all, cottonseed being stabilized at \$70 per ton and cottonseed oil at 17 to 18 cents per pound, while the prices of other fats were adjusted according to their value in the scale. In that same period the Orient waxed wealthier than ever before, the price of silver having doubled in relation to gold. The Philippines saw a burst of prosperity. Visions of a wonderful future for copra plantations filled men's minds. The copra milling industry grew from

one to thirty-eight mills, and all of those mills ran overtime. In all parts of the Orient production increased and great stocks of raw vegetable oil materials accumulated at river points in the warehouses of native concerns and in port storages.

But the European traders had no thought of letting the United States retain its dominance. They maintained at great expense the skeleton work of their trade organizations. One Danish firm, for example, which operated in Manchuria, kept on hand a stock of soya beans. As its stocks got old it traded them off and refilled its godowns with newer stocks, to be ready for export the day peace was declared. Even Germany, it is said, had managed to conceal through agents large supplies of copra.

Once the war dogs were leashed, the trade dogs were turned loose; a marvelous activity characterized the vegetable-oil trade, but it was accompanied by very canny buying. At first Europeans kept out of the market. This caused prices in the Orient to tumble to low points. The buyers then gathered in the raw materials, loaded them on any kind of vessel available, and hustled their cargoes through the Suez Canal to the idle European mills. And therein is found the key to European domination of trade in vegetable oils. The ocean freight rates on these raw materials from Pacific to European points via the Suez Canal give a great advantage to the European over

American crushers. They also have lower labor costs in manufacturing, and state policy enters into their movements, since the European nations must find employment for their labor. It means that they will take only such quantities of American-produced fats and oils as they are forced to take.

The post-war return toward normal by European nations was little short of phenomenal. Germany, for example, in 1913 manufactured 1,368,000,000 pounds of vegetable oils and consumed 1,380,000,000 pounds. In 1922 she manufactured 798,000,000 pounds and her consumption had risen from the low war stage to 1,056,000,000 pounds. Manufacture in the Netherlands, Italy, and Great Britain in 1922 exceeded the 1913 records, while consumption figures showed strong trends back to normal.

In the United States the post-war reaction was distressing. Amid a period of falling prices accumulated stocks were being dumped at our ports. American farmers became panicky and insisted upon Congress passing an anti-dumping law, combined with a tariff law, against the oils and raw materials.

What will the future bring to America? American farmers and

¹ For the statistics on the return of European countries toward pre-war production and consumption positions I am indebted to Mr. John W. Wrenn, of the United States Department of Commerce. They are approximate, but true, and will soon be published in final form as a Department report.—C. W. H.

fishermen can easily produce enough raw materials to furnish the entire fat needs of this country and have plenty left over for export. But if America is to be self-sufficient in the production of fats, American farmers, fishermen, and oil crushers must be protected against the admission of lower-priced oils. American refiners and manufacturers are already protected in their export trade by a drawback provision in the permanent Tariff Act. It allows them a full rebate of the tariffs on such imported oils or fats as are re-exported after being refined or manufactured.

American manufacturers will have to readjust their plans to use greater proportions of American-grown fats than they have in late years. Our Atlantic copra-crushing mills must prepare for other activities; but the Pacific coast mills will continue to run. Copra milling in the Philippines may languish, but copra exportation will grow steadily in volume; other nations than ours will continue to take large quantities of the raw material from these island possessions of Uncle Sam.

And, finally, there will be a more enlightened utilization by individual consumers of the oils and fats. Increasing knowledge as to which fats contain vitamins will be an important factor in this selective utilization. In this respect butter fat occupies the premier position; the vegetable oils have no vitamins.

LARKSPUR

BY MARJORIE MEEKER

THE larkspur in my garden flashes bright
 Frail shafts of blue against the drowsy light—
 Flame-blue, heaven-blue,
 Any blue one ever knew. . . .
 The haughty petals lift and sway
 Sometimes, on a windy day;
 But mostly they are still, and dream
 For hours and hours,
 Old, secret dreams. . . . These are more strange
 Than all my other flowers.

Larkspur, shut me in!
 Be a wall
 Of blue so tall
 As to make my world. . . .
 I will lie and look at you,
 And think of things that have your blue—
 Blue of deep Italian skies
 Where tiny curling bell notes rise;
 Blue of twilight when it drops
 Thinly over far tree-tops;
 Blue of blue eyes that may
 Be sea-strange or storm-gray,
 But were larkspur blue, one day.

THE BOOK TABLE

MAURICE HEWLETT—AN APPRECIATION

BY MAY ELLIS NICHOLS

WHILE talking with a young Harvard man not long ago, a charming boy, alert, courteous, cultivated, I said to him, "How inspiring it must have been to live for four years at Cambridge—in the atmosphere of the Concord School, the very air of Lowell, Emerson, Hawthorne, and Holmes!" The boy gave me a puzzled look; evidently he was not certain whether I meant what I said or not, but when he saw that I was serious, he smiled—the tolerant smile this generation has for mine—and said:

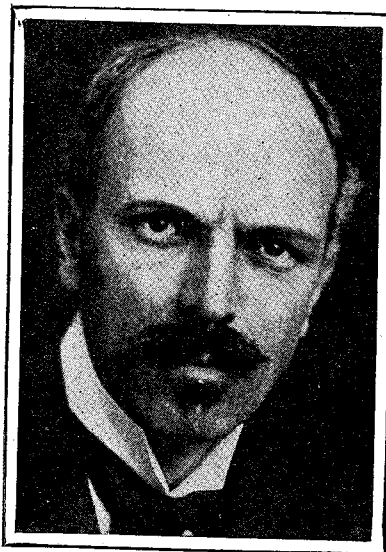
"Did any one ever read those guys?"

That question came back to me the morning my daily paper announced that Maurice Hewlett, "the author of a work or two on mediæval Italy and some score of novels," had finished his writing forever. To one at least of those who read some half-dozen of the first of that "score of novels" as they came warm from Mr. Hewlett's pen the "faint praise" with which his literary eulogies were in some instances written seems a challenge to her gratitude and loyalty.

Perhaps even now the sophomore is asking, "Did any one ever read Maurice Hewlett?" Ah, did they! I am glad for several reasons that I was born in mid-Victorian times, and not the least of those reasons is that I did not miss the thrill of reading "The Forest Lovers" and "Richard Yea and Nay" when they were as new as were the California gold fields in '49.

Coming as Mr. Hewlett did after a stream of realism had flowed over romance as mercilessly as a stream of lava buries with ashes all the verdure in its path, his "Forest Lovers" seemed like a renewal of childhood to those who had grown old before their time. We heard his pipe and, turning gleefully from novels whose heroines held hairpins in their mouths while they did their back hair and discussed the servant question with their husbands, we raced to his fairy music straight to the Greenwood Forest of Robin Hood. Breathless, we followed the "Forest Lovers" through this wood. We jousting with armed knights for the gloves of fair ladies, we went on pilgrimages to the Holy Land and fought for the Holy Sepulcher. Then back to Holyrood, where Mary Stuart and the other Marys were lovely girlish flesh and blood again. If one does not know, really *know*, the fascinating, capricious Queen of Scots, he has no claim upon our pity, for in "The Queen's Quair" she sings, and dances,

and lives, and loves, just as she did when austere John Knox loved and feared her there. Maurice Hewlett may not live among the immortals—whether he will or not time will tell—



Courtesy of the Macmillan Co.

MAURICE HEWLETT

but is it not glory enough for one man to have restored romance to one generation?

Then, when, at the very height of his popularity, Mr. Hewlett suddenly turned from the days of chivalry to contemporary England, his admirers gasped, and some of them sighed. That, however, was before they read "Open Country," "Halfway House," and "Rest Harrow." It is true that there was a great change in the novelist's manner, though in reality the change was not so much in his style as in his matter. It is true that he had grown in directness and simplicity, and without loss of power. There were fewer of the peculiar words and phrases so dear to the taste that had grown to crave them, but his folk still smelled "thymy" smells and smiled "bleak" smiles. No, the great change was that the stress was not so much on the manner of the telling as on the story itself; but, again, the change was not so great as it seemed. It was not so much the change of words as of centuries; for Mr. Hewlett reproduced nineteenth-century England as perfectly as he had that of Mary Stuart or of Richard Cœur de Lion. All the charm of language, all the quaint humor and philosophy, all the appreciation of beauty, were there. No description in "The Forest Lovers" surpasses in charm the word picture of Sanchia at the lily pond. In John Senhouse, gypsy poet and philosopher, Mr. Hewlett has created a character

as whimsical as Locke's "Beloved Vagabond" and as lovable as Colonel Newcome. Indeed, Senhouse is so human, with his sweet, sane philosophy, that the reader finds himself wondering if he is not being treated to a mental autobiography. There was one morning in particular when "Senhouse was more interesting than usual because mentally naked and totally unashamed." When an author thus condescends to reveal himself to his readers, what repayment can the reader make but to be humble and grateful?

Maurice Hewlett had the experience of most voluminous writers; the books he wrote to please himself were not the ones that left vacant places on library shelves. "Earthwork Out of Tuscany" and "Roads in Tuscany" were a rare delight to those to whom they made an appeal; they could not be expected to be "popular." They were the soul children of their creator and that itself was their own justification for being.

There were later books that did little to add to the burden of obligation Mr. Hewlett had laid on his readers already. One always regrets that, but it is a regret aroused sooner or later by almost all great writers. Mark Twain never could judge his own work. Mrs. Humphry Ward could write a "Robert Elsmere," and follow it later by "The Mating of Lydia." Even Thomas Hardy of "Tess" and "The Return of the Native" fathered "The Hand of Ethelberta" and "The Laodicean." Jove may nod, but still he is Jove, and, on the whole, which one of the later Victorians was more prodigal or more delightful than Maurice Hewlett? Like apples of gold in pictures of silver those first novels were. Let us in return pay our debt of gratitude generously. Let us not grudge him a wreath of laurel for his tomb.

POETRY

COME ON HOME. By Douglas Malloch. The George H. Doran Company, New York. \$1.75.

This is a collection of homely verse of the Eddie Guest variety, on familiar themes and in the familiar manner. The poems base their appeal on obvious turns of sentiment, transpiring through trite phrasing and rhyme. As verses they are sufficiently well made to read smoothly and render clearly the intended thought and feeling. It is the sort of verse that might have been confidently expected to issue from a certain class of writers a generation after Riley. A hint as to the character of the material may be gained from the listing of such titles as "Father's Prayer," "For the Sake of Other Days," "The Gates of Heaven," and "Keep Each Other Young."

REBUILDING THE WORLD'S HIGHWAYS OF COMMERCE

AMERICAN BUSINESS STATESMANSHIP AND AMERICA'S BUSINESS LEADERSHIP

BY CHARLES HODGES

Assistant Professor of Foreign Trade, New York University



A woman discovered this new use

SHE and her husband were motoring cross-country. They landed in a town one evening after a hard, dusty, all-day drive.

The hotel could accommodate them but there wasn't a bath to be had for love or money.

She was a fastidious person. The room without bath was almost a tragedy. She simply *had* to freshen up before dinner.

Listerine—occurred to her. She doused a towel with it and in a jiffy she felt almost as refreshed as though she had had her tub.

So often, time or circumstances do not permit a bath or shower. Maybe after a hot shopping day; when traveling; after summer sports.

On many, many such occasions you'll find Listerine a most refreshing, exhilarating substitute.

A new use for an old friend that we thought you'd like to know about—if you had not as yet discovered it for yourself.—Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.

LISTERINE
—the safe
antiseptic



GEORGE WASHINGTON is supposed to have once said something about "entangling alliances," which is sufficient excuse for some people to picture the American farmer as ready to resort to desperate means in case the United States is not kept properly "isolated."

It is a poor excuse. In the first place, George Washington in the eighteenth century could not possibly have foreseen how economics would affect international relations in the twentieth. In the second place, it is a great mistake to think of the farmer as a plodding, simple-minded person, clinging blindly to tradition, in complete ignorance of just what "economics" is all about. It might be as well to get rid of this farmer delusion at once. There seems to have existed a shrewd suspicion that the banker and the industrialist, being something of economists, realized that business, rather than politics, was destined to play the leading rôle in international relations of the coming age. But that the farmer should see the light—impossible! As a matter of fact, the American farmer has already had his lesson in the A B C's of economics. For years tradition-bound statesmen have taught him the value of keeping out of Europe, which the farmer was inclined to believe, no doubt, until experience showed him otherwise. It takes no professor to show a man who tills the soil that something is wrong when his bumper crops lie rotting for lack of markets. He can see for himself that a Europe crying for goods, yet unable to buy even the food to keep some of the Old World nations alive, is not wholesome from a dollar-and-cents point of view. For him national self-sufficiency—"splendid isolation"—does not have, perhaps, the same attractiveness it holds for political forums.

THE NEW BUSINESS BACKGROUND OF OUR WORLD RELATIONS

There exists to-day an intimate international commercial life unheard of in George Washington's time. That all nations should have a certain common business destiny and that the whole background of world relations must have changed enormously, therefore, are the inevitable results of economic forces. Europe, for instance, was vitally interested in the astounding growth of the United States in the last hundred years because it was Old World capital that

bought the rails for our pioneer railways and built the factories for our infant industries. Her business stake in our conquest of a continent was a very important thing to her.

If economic forces compelled Europe to take an interest in our development of a century ago, how true it is that those same forces compel us now to interest ourselves in Europe. To be sure we have paid back the capital loaned us then. Our railways stretch out for thousands of miles; our infant industries have become giants. But is it not this very growth that now makes us turn to the Old World? We have developed such marvelous productivity that without foreign markets we must either dispose of an annual agricultural, mining, and manufacturing surplus far in excess of any possible domestic demand or throw the huge business machine into slow speed. We *must* help bring Europe to normalcy, say our business men, simply from a standpoint of prosperity aside from any consideration of obligations we may owe civilization.

Here is where political sentimentalities give way, perforce, to the cold facts of existence. "Splendid isolation" may sound well, but it does not work well when it is being drowned in a glut of goods that means dollars out of our pockets. Our bankers and industrialists, and, for that matter, almost every butcher, baker, and candlestick maker—and the farmers—know perfectly well that business stability for the United States now depends upon buying and selling in every quarter of the globe.

The figures behind this situation are worthy of scrutiny. In the first place, the growth of American foreign trade per head between 1880 and the present time is significant. With a population of only 50,000,000 in the days of the Arthur and Cleveland Administrations, our exports per capita stood at \$16 and our imports just exceeded \$12. Now America is exporting \$60 a head, while imports, to meet the new industrial needs since the Great War, have ranged from \$25 to \$47 per capita—all this with a population of 107,000,000. Second, the character of this expansion in our international trade, from about \$1,500,000,000 in 1880 to \$4,278,000,000 in 1913 and roundly \$7,000,000,000 in 1922, has changed radically. During the earlier period agricultural exports of all kinds, either foodstuffs or materials for manufacture, totaled 85 per

cent of all products sent abroad from America. That 85 per cent has been cut almost in half, manufactures accounting for at least 53 per cent of present-day exports. Furthermore, our imports of raw materials for manufacturing purposes have increased in these years from 20 to 34 per cent of all imports.

Both from the standpoint of the industrialist and from that of the agriculturist these figures indicate why world markets have become "stabilizers." The former observes that manufactures exported now constitute 17 per cent of the net output of American industry; while the latter realizes that, although the proportion of farm produce exported has steadily declined from 31 to about 11 per cent, foreign demand, as in the case of the manufacturer, is the decisive factor to-day in determining his profits. Both know, in short, that American prosperity depends on world prices and conditions.

BUSINESS STAKE FORCING US INTO THE WORLD CRISIS

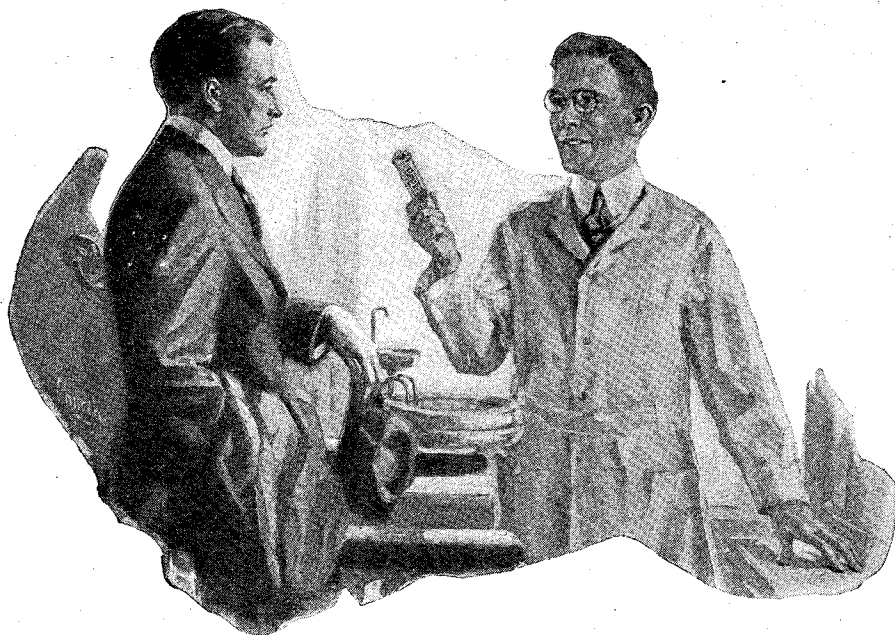
In round numbers, we have a one-fifth interest in the \$45,000,000,000 foreign trade of the whole earth; this represents an annual turnover to the United States equivalent to two-thirds of the entire war debt which the Old World owes us. The stake held by Europe in our development was large, but hardly to be spoken of in the same breath with the stake held by America in the business, not of a continent, but of the world.

Small wonder, then, that America is adopting a new and different attitude towards matters international. If there is still heard the old cry of "Stop meddling in Old World politics that do not concern us," there are also to be heard the rumblings of a growing demand that we advance billions of dollars in credits that Europe's buying capacity be restored. Sheer self-defense, that is what prompts Americans to take an active hand in these new interests.

AMERICA'S BUSINESS LEAGUE OF NATIONS

Since the Armistice the United States, with the rest of the world business powers, has found the paths of trade blocked by one obstacle after another: the demoralization of currencies and kaleidoscopic changes in foreign exchanges; unbalanced budgets pushing countries toward financial quicksands; mounting tariffs, reprisals, and trade wars; and endless governmental interference.

Much of this was foreseen by astute American business leaders shortly after the Armistice. They extended an invitation, which was promptly accepted, to Belgium, France, Great



That's the Way

To teeth you envy
Just combat the dingy film

When you see glistening teeth—as you do everywhere now—remember how folks get them.

Leading dentists the world over are urging a fight on film. Millions now employ the method. And wherever you go you now see the results.

If you have not yet found that method, ask for this ten-day test.

Why teeth discolor

You feel on your teeth a viscous film. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. If you leave that film, it becomes discolored by food or tobacco stains. Then it forms dingy coats. Tartar is based on film. That's why teeth grow cloudy.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs breed by millions in film. They cause many serious troubles, local and internal. Thus film is the teeth's chief enemy.

Now easy to combat

Dental science, in late years, has learned how to fight that film. It has found two film combatants. One acts to curdle film, one to remove it, and without any harmful scouring.

Able authorities proved these methods effective. Then a new-type tooth paste

was perfected to apply those methods daily.

That tooth paste is called Pepsodent. Careful people of some fifty nations are employing it today.

It also does this

Pepsodent does two other things which research proved essential. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

With many diets, those things are essential. To countless homes they now are bringing a new dental era.

Do this and see

Pepsodent results are quick and apparent. They are seen and felt, so no one can doubt them. And they mean so much—whiter, cleaner, safer teeth—that you should find them out.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

You will know in a week what this way means, both to you and yours. Cut out coupon now.

Protect the Enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

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Only one tube to a family.

Britain, and Italy to send delegations of business men who should join our captains of industry and financiers in an international trade conference. The meeting took place at Atlantic City in the fall of 1919, when political complications seemed to preclude any possibility of a rapid restoration of normal times. It was the initial effort by business leaders to deal with international commercial problems through channels entirely removed from politics.

From this beginning has sprung a permanent organization, which is nothing more or less than a business league of nations. The International Chamber of Commerce is its name. It was developed by a committee of business men picked at the Atlantic City conference and strongly supported by American business, and was formally opened in Paris in June, 1920, to make the business man's point of view forcibly felt in the discussion and settlement of international relations. By the time of the first Congress of London in 1921 its membership had grown from the United States and the four principal allies to include business representatives from every quarter of the earth except Germany and Russia. In 1921 there were twelve fully formed national bodies patterned after the idea embodied in the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, a federation of domestic business organizations. At the second Congress, held this spring in Rome, between five and six hundred delegates from twenty nations discussed the business of the world. Fourteen national bodies sent representatives, twelve more were in the process of formation.

The International Chamber of Commerce does not confine itself of course merely to verbal activity every two years. It is a going concern. Through its Council, which is a directing body composed of representatives from each nation having a national business body, and its Secretariat, charged with the execution of its decisions, it is constantly at work for the betterment of world trade conditions. Its headquarters in Paris is a clearing-house for international business information and keeps each national group in touch with matters of common interest.

Above everything else, the Chamber represents a practical business approach towards commercial problems. There is no attempt to "legislate" through it for the business of nations. It expects to accomplish things with the co-operation of governments; it expects co-operation from this source because of the support given its policies by separate national organizations in each affiliated country. Perhaps the largest single contribution from any one nation to the success of the scheme has come from the United States. Our financial and industrial leaders have made really extraordi-

nary efforts to establish this great federation of world business and keep it clear of governmental entanglements or any suspicion of meddling in the "high politics" of Old World diplomacy. Willis H. Booth, a vice-president of the Guaranty Trust Company of New York, now heads this vast organization.

Here, in the work of the International Chamber of Commerce, is a brand-new idea that is of tremendous moment to the United States: the business world proposes to face business problems in its own way, regardless of what the political world thinks about it. Four long steps have already been taken towards economic reconstruction.

(1) Since 1920 the International Chamber of Commerce has kept itself alive as a permanent federation of the world's business. It has developed to such a point that to-day the great industrial powers maintain "business ambassadors" (officially Administrative Commissioners) at the Paris headquarters.

(2) Business men of the world are meeting periodically to survey economic conditions and offer suggestions which can be carried into effect through the co-operative machinery of the Chamber. The Chamber need not become involved politically, nor yet play the rôle of a super-body of world business control.

(3) The Chamber is contributing very definitely to economic reconstruction. Mention might be made, for instance, of the establishment of international machinery for commercial arbitration, enabling business interests of different countries to settle disputes without resort to the dubious method of calling on governmental interference; or of a general agreement regarding commercial practices, which has resulted in the use of uniform bills of lading, the definition of trade terms, and the simplifying of trade procedure. The very roots of difficult post-war questions were exposed by the Chamber when it set to work on such problems as the control of basic raw materials and the restoration of communications.

(4) Perhaps the longest step of the four is this: America's is the dominant voice in the International Chamber of Commerce. Now in the present crisis the Chamber is working with the League of Nations, just as it works with each nation, toward the common end, so that even if the United States will have none of this political society of peoples it can yet co-operate in the task of economic rehabilitation through its membership in a purely business federation.

AMERICAN BUSINESS LEADERSHIP AND ECONOMIC STATESMANSHIP

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(Signed) **D. J. EDWARDS.**

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REBUILDING THE WORLD'S HIGHWAYS OF COMMERCE (Continued)

of the assertion of American business leadership at a most critical era in history. Of what use have been deadlocked diplomatic parleys and political conferences in untangling the affairs of the world? All the Old World statesmanship has not been able to advance the cause of international government at anything like the speed generated by the driving force of business men. The old statesmanship has seen its heyday; it is giving ground to an economic leadership with workaday American business to the fore. A new age in international relations is at hand, wherein the Old World politics will occupy a constantly less important place.

Only a beginning has been made. The meeting of the International Chamber of Commerce recently closed at Rome blazed certain trails leading toward better world relations. But the work accomplished there will pale beside the momentous developments promised for the next few months. For instance, Britain is preparing for an Imperial Economic Conference, to be held this fall in London—a distinct recognition within the British Empire of its present-day economic foundation. Because it is a new assertion of the community power of business interests it is bound to have far-reaching effects upon all nations. Broader in international character are a number of conferences scheduled under the auspices of the League of Nations. Probably the most important of these—of such importance, at least, that the International Chamber of Commerce originally planned to call a similar meeting—is the conference on world tariffs, which will deal with a post-war trouble among the most delicate of all our many troubles. Another notable meeting is the second of the International Communications Conferences of the League of Nations. It will continue the work of the initial Barcelona meeting of 1921—the restoring of Europe's pre-war facility of transit, so vital to the Old World's prosperity. In all likelihood, conferences of real importance will be called by the International Health Organization, engaged in a constant battle with business-destroying disease, and the International Labor Office, which seeks to equalize competitive conditions among industrial nations by eliminating "unfair practices" in the exploitation of workers.

Surely this schedule is an impressive one, based as it is entirely on the realization that the world must swim economically, so to speak, if it is to keep its head above the turbulent currents of after-the-war politics. The United States, through the International Chamber of Commerce, is in the very thick of the fight. That



Millions of American women voted for President in 1920 and are finding time to take active interest in civic affairs

The suffrage and the switch



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Woman suffrage made the American woman the political equal of her man. The little switch which commands the great servant Electricity is making her workshop the equal of her man's.

Now woman should be required to perform by hand domestic tasks which can be done by small electric motors which operate household devices.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

the Congress at Rome went on record as favoring a world-wide economic conference that should smash the political deadlock in Europe was largely the result of the part played by American business men. In fact, our statesmen (they were business statesmen) made the proposal and drafted clause by clause the steps essential for the recovery of the Old World.

What our delegation at Rome accomplished is the best testimony in the world that in the United States we have come to understand that the world's ills can be cured only by in-

telligent international co-operation along economic lines. Business men know that the business of any one nation is everybody's business. That is why anything remotely savoring of real "isolation" as a policy for the United States must be regarded as economic suicide. That is why American bankers and industrialists—yes, and the farmers—are joining hands in rebuilding the world's trade highways. It is for them the most practical measure of protection against international chaos, which experience has shown takes a high toll of their prosperity.

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White Star Line, specially chartered Feb. 2, 65 days, \$500 and up, or 74 days with a week in Paris and 4 days in London, \$700 and up; New York, Madeira, Cadiz, Seville (Alhambra), Gibraltar, Algiers, Athens, Constantinople, Palestine, Egypt (Nile journeys), Naples, Rome, Monte Carlo, Cherbourg (for Paris, London), Liverpool, New York.

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AROUND THE WORLD
by specially chartered new Comander "Laconia," 20,000 tons, 4 months, \$1,000 and up, shore excursions included. Japan, China, India, Palestine, etc. F. C. CLARK, Times Bldg., New York

THE beauty, fascination, and mystery of the Orient lures visitors from all over the world to

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The quaintest and most interesting of all countries. Come while the old age customs prevail. Write, mentioning "Outlook" to

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Harmonizes travel and study. Rome, Florence, Paris, London. References required. Price includes travel, chaperonage, instruction in language, literature, art and history. Write for prospectus to Miss J. B. HERBERT, Director, 137-A Hicks St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

WINTER ON THE NILE

Sailings: Jan. 5, 16, Feb. 23 and March 6, 1924. Our booklet, "To the Land of Tut-Ankh-Amen," gives fascinating details of these leisurely, luxurious tours to Egypt and Palestine.

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ALL of our 1923 Tours are filled
Tell us your travel plans for 1924

We are planning OUR TOURS to meet YOUR wishes
Worthwhile Tours, Boston 30, Mass.

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BAR O RANCH SOUTHERN ARIZONA

Spend your vacation riding horseback on a real cattle ranch in the beautiful Dragon Mountains. Easily accessible; comfortable living quarters; excellent food; hunting; special trips; cowboy round-ups, etc. Open all year. References given and requested. HARRY C. KENDALL, TOMBSTONE, ARIZONA

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Permanent and week-end guests taken at
OVERLOOK FARM
Cannondale, Conn. Phone Wilton 108.

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BAILEY ISLAND, Maine. Special rates for September, the month unsurpassed for beauty in Maine. Illustrated folder.

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A quiet, cozy little house by the sea. Now open. Private baths. Descriptive booklet. 19th season.

Rock Ridge Hall, Wellesley Hills, Mass. Fine location. Running water in bedrooms. Pleasant forest walks and country drives. Our table a specialty. \$15-\$25 a week.

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Isle Royale—A Health Builder (not a sanatorium)

Ponce de Leon searched the Southland for the fountain of youth, but the nearest approach to the object of his quest lies "In the regions of the North-wind, In the land of the white rabbit." For physical repairs and rebuilding Isle Royale, near the Northern shores of Gitchie Gunee, is supreme. For information, address Rock Harbor Lodge, care Booth Line, Duluth, Minnesota.

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BEMIS CAMPS

OVERLOOKING KIMBALL LAKE

Near the White Mountains
The place you've always wanted to know about, where you could rest and enjoy yourself. Boating, bathing, fishing, tennis, horseback riding, mountain climbing. Nights around the camp fire. Private cabins. Address H. C. BEMIS, South Chatham, N. H.

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Admirably located just off Fifth Avenue in the heart of the shopping and theater district. A quiet, high-class family hotel with comfortably furnished rooms, single or en suite, and the highest grade restaurant service at moderate prices.

The management makes every effort to have guests regard this hotel as a real home while in New York.

The hotel is convenient to subway, elevated, and surface lines going to all parts of the city as well as the Fifth Avenue bus line, running the whole length of the world's most famous thoroughfare.

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NEW YORK

Directly in the fashionable club and shopping section. Within five minutes' walk to all principal theaters. A high-class hotel patronized by those desiring the best accommodations at moderate cost. Special summer rates. Rates and map gladly sent upon request.

Hotel Hargrave

West 72d St., through
to 71st St., New York

300 rooms, each with bath. Absolutely fireproof. One block to 72d St. entrance of Central Park. Comfort and refinement combined with moderate rates. Send for illustrated booklet J.

Hotel Judson 53 Washington St., New York City

Residential hotel of highest type, combining the facilities of hotel life with the comforts of an ideal home. American plan \$4 per day and up. European plan \$1.50 per day and up. SAMUEL NAYLOR, Manager.

NEW YORK

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Office, 2 W. 47th St. Tel. Bryant 2083.
Golf, tennis, fishing—electric lighted. Hot and cold running water, excellent cuisine. Rates \$4 per day up. American plan. Special weekly rates quoted. Booklets sent.

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Altitude 1,571 ft. A noted place for health and rest. Write for folder and particulars. C. FENTON PARKER, Number Four, N. Y.

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Woodleigh, Towanda, Pa. Not a hotel, boarding house, or sanatorium. Modern country estate where complete rest and recreation are possible. Simple life, table supplied from 200-acre farm, cream, milk, fresh vegetables, fruits. Owner trained nurse and dietitian. Swimming, fishing, tennis, golf accessible. Booklet. Miss ELIZABETH LAMB.

SOUTH CAROLINA

Pine Ridge Camp Actually Mid the Pines. Ideal place for outdoor life in winter. Main house and cabins with sleeping porches. Modern improvements. Pure water. Excellent table. Rates moderate. Open all the year. Write Miss SANBORN, Aiken, S. C.

VERMONT

CHESTER, Vt. "The Maples." Delightful summer home. Cheerful, large, airy rooms, pure water, bath, hot and cold, broad piazza, croquet, fine roads. Terms reasonable. Refs. exchanged. THE MISSES SARGENT.

Apartments

Washington Square section, New York City. For rent, October 1, year's lease, furnished apartment, 2 rooms, bath; 2 rooms (fireplace), use of bath. Privileges of large garden available. References. Address 321, Outlook.

Health Resorts

"INTERPINES"

Beautiful, quiet, restful and homelike. Over 26 years of successful work. Thorough, reliable, dependable and ethical. Every comfort and convenience. Accommodations of superior quality. Disorder of the nervous system a specialty. Fred. W. Seward, Sr., M.D., Fred. W. Seward, Jr., M.D., Goshen, N. Y.

Real Estate

MASSACHUSETTS

For Sale In the Berkshire Hills. To settle an estate, house of nine rooms. Modern, on a good elevation, sets back from street. About 10 acres of land. Near golf links. 331, Outlook

For Sale Small Antique Cottage. 7 rooms, bath, garage, acre on lake, furnished. \$3,000. Terms. CONANT, Sterling Junction, Mass.

NEW YORK

ADIRONDACK Camp 700 ft. water front, for sale or exchange. Might rent from Sept. 5. Write Box 234, Kelley Advertising, 799 Broadway, N. Y.

ADIRONDACKS—AUGER LAKE. Spend your autumn vacation at Fordway Camp, located in a hardwood forest. Furnished bungalows. Open fireplaces. Boating, fishing, hunting. Special rates \$20 weekly, including ice and rowboat. MACE & NICOLLS, Keeseville, N. Y.

FOR SALE

Estate of 48 acres, 3 miles north of Newburgh, land facing and extending to river. 18-mile river view. 17-room house. Location exceptional for hotel, sanatorium, hospital or private residence. W. W. MURTFELDT, R. F. D. No. 2, Newburgh, N. Y. W. A. MURTFELDT, 77 Summer St., Boston, Mass.

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Can be leased furnished for 3 years, with or without farm. Residence has 7 bedrooms, 4 baths, hot-water heating system, and can be occupied as year-round home. Library of 1,500 volumes. Garage with apartment of 2 rooms and bath. Other outbuildings, including modern dairy barn. Pond with ice-house. Registered live stock. Farmland. Brooks. Elevation 900 feet, with beautiful views. Unusual opportunity to secure comfortable, perfectly accessible country home in this well known community of artists, musicians and literary workers. HAMILTON, ISBLIN & CO. 335 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK

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SAFE 8% FIRST MORTGAGE INCOME CERTIFICATES additionally secured, tax exempted, quarterly payments. Permanent or convertible. Ask circulars. Home Building & Loan Co., Jacksonville, Fla.

BOYS' camp for sale. Unusual opportunity. 17 years of success, pressure of other business taking owner away. Leased property about 300 acres, beautiful and healthful spot on Adirondack borders. Restricted and high class clientele, Christian. Terms reasonable. 4,053, Outlook.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCIES

TEACHERS WANTED. Desirable positions still open. Complimentary enrollment to college graduates. Address The Interstate Teachers' Agency, Machea Building, New Orleans, La.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCIES

CO-OPERATIVE PLACEMENT SERVICE. Social workers, secretaries, superintendents, matrons, housekeepers, dietitians, companions, governesses, mothers' helpers. Miss Richards' Bureau, Box 5, East Side, Providence.

FOR THE HOME

HONEY. Delicious new honey direct from producer. Five pounds \$1.15, ten pounds \$2.10, postpaid in Zones 2 and 3. Cash with order. Herbert A. McCallum, Great Barrington, Mass.

STATIONERY

UNUSUALLY desirable stationery for any type of correspondence. 200 sheets high grade note paper and 100 envelopes printed with your name and address postpaid \$1.50. Samples on request. You can buy cheaper stationery, but do you want to? Lewis, 284 Second Ave., Troy, N. Y.

HELP WANTED**Professional Situations**

HEAD counselor for girls' camp, season 1924. Active Christian, college bred woman, with some experience as leader, educator and camper. Age 25 to 35. Counselor, 4,078, Outlook.

Business Situations

WANTED, in a school near Philadelphia, a lady for executive position beginning October 1. Must have had experience with girls. The position requires tact, disciplinary power, and ability to keep accounts. Episcopalian preferred between thirty and forty years old. Applicants should send photograph if possible, stating experience and giving references. Reply to 4,041, Outlook.

HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. Nation-wide demand for high-salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, interesting work, quick advancement, permanent. Write for free book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Suite 5542, Washington, D. C.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED—Competent woman used to children to assist in care of boy three and girl one and a half in New York residential suburb. An educated woman is needed who will be mother's helper where maids also are employed. Employment to begin September first if possible. 4,014, Outlook.

MOTHER'S helper—Young woman, healthy, cheerful, companion for school girl. Sewing and assist light housework. Good Christian home. Vicinity New York. 4,079, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED child's nurse wanted in Springfield, Mass., October 1, to take full care boy 2, girl 4. Highest references required for experience, ability, and disposition. Salary \$15 per week. 4,065, Outlook.

WANTED—Two young women of intelligence and refinement, who have experience and liking for housework. Business hours. Rooms provided in the home or outside, as desired. Address Mrs. Arthur W. Gregory, 235 Girard Ave., Hartford, Conn.

WANTED—Refined, capable man or woman to take charge of a group of boys. Permanent position to right party. Address Superintendent Children's Home, Randolph, N. Y.

WANTED—Competent woman as mother's helper for 3 months' infant in Brooklyn where other help is employed. Write, stating salary and references, 4,089, Outlook.

WANTED, by middle of September or first of October, in country suburb of New York, two competent, self-respecting women to do housework in family of six: two adults, four children in school. Considerate treatment and comfortable home in return for good, efficient service. Single applications considered. 4,099, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

TEACHER-governess. Chiefly sixth grade. Family of headmaster of boys' school. Country. 4,090, Outlook.

GENTLEWOMAN to care for and teach Calvert lessons to three healthy children of five, six, eight. Photograph and all particulars, please, to Mrs. Bright, Cedar Hill Farm, Reading, Pa.

WANTED—Governess for two little girls, five and eight years. Protestant, pleasing personality, refined, kind, and gentle. Best of reference required. Home in Morristown, N. J. 4,081, Outlook.

LARGE private country school for retarded children wants qualified and experienced personnel for new building opened in September. **TEACHERS**—kindergarten, primary, and secondary academic work, manual training for boys, physical education for boys and girls, nature study, and one capable of spending part time in giving mental and school efficiency tests. Special speech teachers. Salary for each position \$110 month and maintenance, advancement possible. **HOUSE-MOTHERS**—refined, experienced woman, undergraduate nurses preferred, for physical care and recreation periods. Salaries \$75 per month and maintenance. 4,095, Outlook.

HELP WANTED**Teachers and Governesses**

WANTED—In Cuba. Competent governess for girl of five. Music and French desirable. Also supervise care of infant. Capable managing home and servants in mother's absence. No salary. \$400 yearly dress allowance, cultured home and surroundings, and opportunity to learn Spanish offered in return for services and companionship. References exchanged. 4,093, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED**Business Situations**

SECRETARY—Young woman, experienced secretary, will be free September 1. Desires position with editor, writer, or public person. Thoroughly capable of handling all personal and detail work. Excellent references. Address 4,036, Outlook.

SECRETARY-stenographer wishes position with college or large school in September. Best references furnished. 4,060, Outlook.

LADY of culture and refinement, 30, tactful, kind, cheerful disposition, knowledge French, shorthand, typewriting, desires position as secretary-companion. All references. 4,083, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

REFINED, middle-aged woman as ma housekeeper in widower's family. References required. 4,077, Outlook.

CULTURED woman desires position, chaperon or housemother in sorority house or dormitory. Experienced; two years matron, five dean of women in small college. References. 4,091, Outlook.

WANTED—A position as nurse-companion to an invalid or elderly gentleman. Excellent references given and required. 4,087, Outlook.

WANTED—Position as companion, managing housekeeper, or housemother in a sorority or girls' school, or boys' fraternity. Best of references as to character etc. Address M. L., P. O. Box 1245, Hartford, Conn.

PRACTICAL nurse wishes to accompany semi-invalid to California. Can also act as private secretary. References given and required. 4,094, Outlook.

WOMAN, cultured, refined, companionable, excellent housekeeper, would like position as housekeeper-companion for one person where some help is kept. Best references. Address 4,092, Outlook.

MIDDLE-aged lady desires position as house director or matron girl's or women's club, sorority house, dormitory, training school for social workers. Experienced; references. 4,053, Outlook.

COLLEGE girl will live as companion with lady or supervise children's studies for board and room. References exchanged. 4,065, Outlook.

HOUSEMOTHER—Gentlewoman, capable, experienced with and understanding young people, wishes position in girls' school. Advantageous terms in return for daughter's tuition. Box 5, East Side, Providence.

REFINED middle-aged woman desires position as housemother in school. Address 4,037, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED lady teacher, piano, violin, desires position. 4,082, Outlook.

CULTURED, educated woman with home making qualifications seeks position as housemother, housekeeper, secretary. Address 4,084, Outlook.

LADY, thoroughly qualified, desires position as housemother or as managing housekeeper in private home. References. 4101, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

FRENCH lady teacher having osteopathic training wishes to accompany family to Europe this fall—for trip expenses or other arrangement. May take care of children in her own home, Paris, Nice. Best references. Mile. Vallerant, 5339 Dorchester Ave., Chicago, Ill.

YOUNG man 23, college senior, wishes to travel abroad in September as tutor or companion. References. 4,088, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

To young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a very thorough nurses' aid course of six months is offered by the Lying in Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Monthly allowance and full maintenance is furnished. For further information address Directress of Nurses.

WANTED—Defective persons to board. Address W., Pawling, N. Y.

GRADUATE nurse would take into her Philadelphia home one or more slightly deficient, delicate, or motherless children. Rates according to special care needed. Summers on a farm in New Hampshire. Excellent references. 4,056, Outlook.

WANTED—Young women to take 9 months' course in training for the care of chronic and convalescent invalids. Apply Superintendent, F. E. Parker Home, New Brunswick, N. J.

SHOPPING by New York expert who will send things, service free. References. Miss Guthman, 309 West 50th St.

M. W. Wightman & Co. Shopping Agency, established 1895. No charge; prompt delivery. 25 West 24th St., New York.

BOYS wanted. 500 boys wanted to sell The Outlook each week. No investment necessary. Write for selling plan. Carrier Department, The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY

MERCER VERNON has contributed on other occasions to The Outlook. His character sketch of Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., entitled "The New T. R." appeared shortly after the appointment of Colonel Roosevelt as Assistant Secretary of the Navy. He has also contributed to our editorial columns.

STANLEY FROST is at present in Washington, on a special mission for The Outlook. Mr. Frost is the author of two books, and has specialized as a writer on German propaganda and on radical agitation, particularly in the labor field. He began newspaper work as a reporter on the New York "Tribune" in 1902.

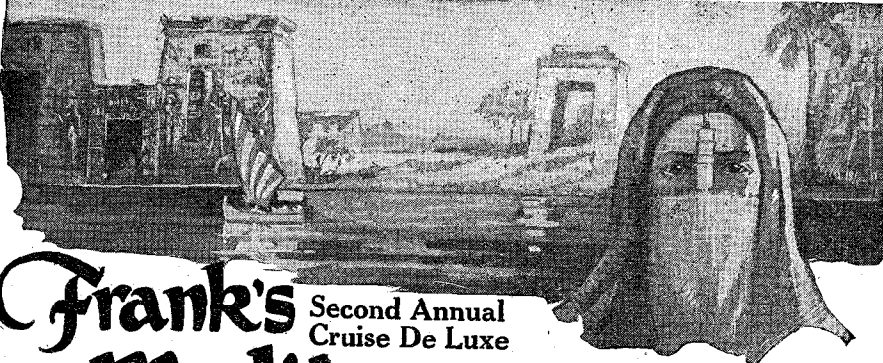
ROGER SHERMAN LOOMIS is still in Sicily or on the Italian Peninsula, where he has been spending the summer in archaeological research, collecting material for writings on archaeological subjects. He is a graduate of Harvard and Oxford Universities, and has instructed in English at the University of Illinois and at Columbia.

MARJORIE MEEKER has recently returned from three years in France and Italy, and is now living in Worthington, Ohio. She has published verse and short stories in the "North American Review," "Harper's Magazine," "The Smart Set," and the "Double Dealer."

M. B. LEVICK, of New York, freelance writer and newspaper man, contributes to this issue a report of an interview with the warden of Sing Sing, in which he brings forward the reasons for Warden Lawes's strenuous opposition to capital punishment.

CHARLES WILLIAM HOLMAN, who was at one time a representative of the United States Food Administration in Japan, Manchuria, and Siberia, is now assistant secretary of the National Milk Producers' Federation and financial agent of the National Board of Farm Organizations.

CHARLES MOREAU HARGER's discussion of free tourist camps will vitally interest all town and village officials and all automobile enthusiasts. It is a subject which becomes more important as our highways are improved and the prices of motor cars are reduced. Mr. Harger lives in Abilene, Kansas, and has been editor of the Abilene "Daily Reflector" since 1888.



Frank's Second Annual
Cruise De Luxe

TO THE **Mediterranean**

(Limited to 450 Guests—About Half Capacity) by Magnificent New
Cunard S.S. "SCYTHIA"

Twin Screw Oil-Burner, 20,000 Tons. Sailing Jan. 30, 1924, 67 days,
repeating the complete success of the 1923 similar Cruise, same steamer, visiting
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Greece, Italy, Sicily, Riviera, Monte Carlo, France, England**

The "Scythia" is a veritable floating palace, with spacious decks, lounges, veranda cafés, 2 elevators, gymnasium, commodious staterooms with running water and large wardrobes, bedrooms and suites with private baths. The famous Cunard cuisine and service. (Only one sitting for meals.)

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THE EDITORS OF THE OUTLOOK, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

To the Photograph Editor of The Outlook:

The attached photograph is the property of the undersigned and is submitted for publication in The Outlook. Postage is enclosed for its return if unavailable. It is my understanding that The Outlook agrees to pay \$3 for this photograph if reproduced as a half-page cut, or smaller, and \$5 if reproduced in larger size than a half page. The enclosed brief account of the object or event depicted you may use as you see fit.

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The attached cartoon is clipped from the

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BY THE WAY

IN a report on the "Vanishing Wild Life of the World" Henry F. Osborn, President of the American Museum of Natural History, says: "Nothing in the history of creation has paralleled the ravages of the fur and hide trade, which, with the bone fertilizer trade, now threatens the entire vertebrate kingdom. Furs are now a fashion. They are worn in midsummer purely for ornament and personal adornment. The skins sold in three years reach the surprisingly large figure of 107,689,927. To properly show the slaughter that is taking place, one must allow for animals which were killed and not sent to market, and also for wounded animals. . . . The final cause of the Close of the Age of Mammals can be arrested only through the creation of sound sentiment and education of the children and of women, in the same manner in which the National Association of Audubon Societies has arrested the destruction of birds."

From the "Progressive Grocer:"

Jake was a worthless and improvident fellow. One day he said to the local grocer: "I gotta have a sack o' flour; I'm all out, and my family is starvin'."

"All right, Jake," said the grocer. "If you need a sack of flour and have no money to buy it with, we'll give you a sack. But, see here, Jake, there's a circus coming to town in a few days, and if I give you a sack of flour, are you sure you won't sell it and take your family to the circus?"

"Oh, no," replied Jake, "I got the circus money saved up already."

From the Louisville "Courier-Journal:"

"It is a tough life. I get tired of the daily grind."

"Then take a vacation."

"But loafing is such hard work."

Financial news is usually thought to be of the dry-as-dust order, but the following paragraph from Papeete, Tahiti, as sent out by the Associated Press, has considerable ethnological and psychological interest:

Better prices for copra, the main product of these islands, has improved the commercial situation in Tahiti by increasing the purchasing power of the native population. The buying power of any native is limited only by the cash he owns. What he has he spends. It is a popular saying that a Tahitian native could be turned loose in the morning with \$1,000 gold in his pockets and picked up at night without a single paper franc to his name. The only thing he will not part with permanently is his land, for this he believes is guarded

by the spirits of his ancestors, whose anger he would incur if he sold the ancestral holdings. Therefore he does not ordinarily sell his land, and it is this belief that makes it almost impossible for foreigners to acquire plantations in the islands.

As emphasizing the importance of the square deal and the application of the Golden Rule to our business and commercial transactions, the editor of the "Railway Age" gives the following striking quotation from an address by Sir Oliver Lodge: "With a mass of matter no larger than a man's fist the German fleet could be lifted from the bottom of the sea and set on the hill behind Manchester." After a pause Sir Oliver said, "God forbid that science now should cast its harness over the atomic forces. We are not fit to handle them. Put such a prodigious power into our possession in our present state and with it we would damn the race." The ideals of our people as a whole must be raised to a much higher standard, the "Railway Age" believes, to avert the physical and moral dangers accompanying modern intensive developments.

"They are taking down the snow sheds in the Sierra—fourteen miles of them," the Stockton (Cal.) "Record" says. "Some kind of snow fighting equipment will be used in place of them. The traveler coming into California, and what is just as important, the young traveler going for his first trip out, won't be thrown into a state of nervous prostration by trying vainly to catch a view through the openings in the shed as the train speeds along."

From the Chicago "Phoenix:"

"Ma, can I go out to play?"

"What, Willie! With those holes in your trousers?"

"Now, with the kids across the street."

The following is the rejection form used by a Chinese editor, according to the London "Fishing Gazette" (and the publication of it, uncredited, in that journal suggests the question, Did its editor receive the slip after sending a fish story to the polite Celestial?): "We have read your manuscript with infinite delight. Never before have we reveled in such a masterpiece. If we printed it the authorities would ordain us to take it for a model, and henceforth never print anything inferior to it. As it would be impossible to find its equal within ten thousand years we are compelled, though shaken with sorrow, to return your divine manuscript, and for so doing we beg one million pardons."

A Cruise 'Round the World

Is much more than a dream come true

Because:—what you can learn from the yellow and brown will help you a heap with the white

It's the human side of a trip 'round the world that's most appealing. Strange people—face to face as they are living today—as their labor and their lives speak to the traveler out of the centuries in their marvelous works.

Always first to be considered is the perfect ease and comfort, the supreme luxury of travel on land and sea, and the companionship of cultivated people, which an *American Express World Cruise absolutely assures.*

The S. S. FRANCONIA, engaged for this cruise, is the newest of the Cunard Fleet—safe and speedy. Built especially for long distance cruising—and just launched, she has the most modern accommodations for pleasure and comfort. Numerous beautiful suites. Every room with running water, many with private baths. Big, clear decks for promenade, for sport and for dancing. A fine orchestra. Lectures and informal talks by travel and commercial experts on all places to be visited. Famous Cunard Management and Cuisine.

*Sails from New York November 15th, 1923; or from San Francisco December 4. Returns to New York March 27th
30,000 Wonder Miles—133 Enchanting Days*

THE ITINERARY INCLUDES:—

Havana, Panama Canal—by daylight. Excursion ashore in Panama. **San Francisco. Hilo (Hawaii)**—excursion to Kilauea, the world's largest active volcano. **Honolulu.** Motor trips to the Pali and the famous "beach at Waikiki." **Japan.** Thirteen days in Yokohama, Kamakura, Tokyo, Kobe, Kyoto and Nikko. (Optional trips to the interior of Japan and to Peking.) **The Inland Sea of Japan** by daylight. **Miyajima** with its famous floating shrine. **Shanghai.** Two days. **Hong-kong.** One of the most interesting cities in the world. **Manila.** Sightseeing trips. **Batavia (Java).** Weltevreden, Bandoeng, a beautiful mountain resort, and Buitenzorg, the summer palace of the Governor General. **Singapore.** Principal city of the Malay Peninsula. **Rangoon (Burma)**—with its great Shwe Dagon pagoda. **Calcutta.** Famous parks, public buildings, gardens and shops. (Optional excursions to small parties, from Calcutta to Benares and to Darjeeling; also across India.) **Colombo (Ceylon.)** Excursions to Kandy and to Peradeniya. **Bombay.** The chief seaport of Western India. (Optional excursions to Delhi and Agra, with the beautiful Taj Mahal.) **Port Sudan.** Point of departure for optional excursion to Khartoum and the Sudan. **Cairo.** Five days visiting the Sphinx, the Pyramids and the other marvels of antiquity. **Naples.** Vesuvius, Pompeii, Amalfi, and Capri. Here those may disembark who wish to continue their European tour overland. **Monaco (Monte Carlo).** The "playground of Europe." **Gibraltar.**

The **FRANCONIA** Party will be limited. Reservations should be made now. For full details—deck plans and illustrated book of the Cruise mail attached coupon to

American Express Travel Dept.
65 Broadway, New York



Please send me full information, and prices of the **FRANCONIA** Cruise:—

Name

Address

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20 of the world's finest Turkish cigarettes for 30¢—*a triumph in volume production*



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New size—plain ends only
20 for 30¢

No change in size or price
of PALL MALL Regulars
[cork tip]



Wherever men smoke, Pall Mall is known as the aristocrat among cigarettes. Its exquisite blend of the choicest Turkish tobaccos has never been successfully rivaled.

Now Pall Mall comes to you in a new size package—priced so moderately that even the thriftiest may smoke it consistently—a super-value Pall Mall—made possible by greater output and new efficiency in manufacture.

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has gladly paid that for ten Pall Mall “Regulars.” But a nickel more buys 20 of the new Pall Mall Specials—slightly smaller in girth, and with plain ends, but with the inimitable Pall Mall quality left intact.

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